The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOW READY.

'The Bookman' Illustrated History of English Literature,

1s. net. PART VI. *1s. net.*

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We have pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the announcement appearing on page 18 respecting The Bookman Juvenile Literature Prize Competition.

We are glad to state that the Special Educational Supplement which appeared as a new feature in the March number of The Bookman met with the cordial appreciation of those of our readers specially interested in educational matters. The Editor desires to take this opportunity of thanking various educational publishers for gratifying letters of approval.

A new volume of humorous sketches entitled "The Vital Spark," by Hugh Foulis, will be published immediately by Messrs. Blackwood. We understand that Hugh Foulis is Mr. Neil Munro, the distinguished Scottish novelist, who is also credited by rumour with a play which will probably be produced in London this year.

Quite the most interesting recent literary announcement is that which informs us that the Cambridge University Press is to publish a comprehensive History of English Literature under the editorship of Dr. Ward of Peterhouse, and Mr. A. R. Waller. The work will be in about twelve volumes, and will range from Beowulf to the end of the Victorian age. This is a project that will whet the interest and inspire the good wishes of every bookman.

"Corydon" is the happy title of an elegy in memory of Matthew Arnold and his connection with Oxford, by Mr. Reginald Fanshawe, which will be published immediately by Mr. Henry Frowde.

Mr. John Fyvie, the author of the very successful book last year, entitled "Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty," will publish immediately through Messrs. Constable a companion volume, "Some Literary Eccentrics." Mandeville, Amory, Beckford, Thomas Day, Henry Crabb Robinson, are among the interesting list of eccentrics to be dealt with.

Readers of The Bookman will note with interest

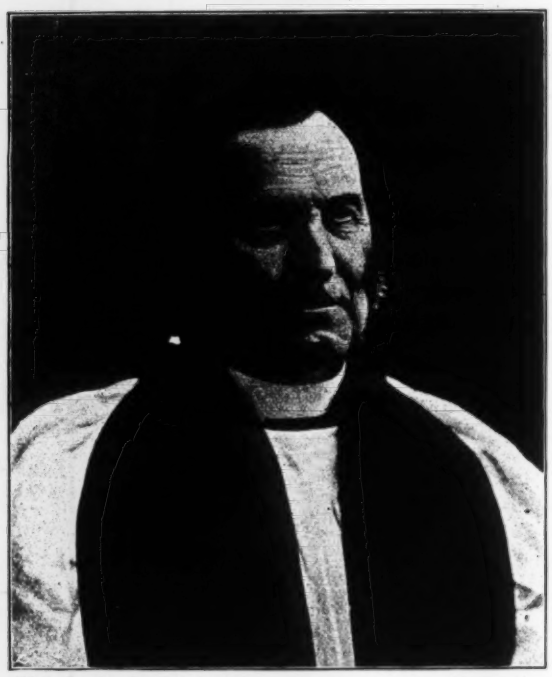

Photo London Stereoscopic Co. **Archbishop Temple.**

the issue of the first two volumes of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's dainty brochures, "Little Books for Bookmen." Tastefully printed, bound, and illustrated, these miniature critical monographs supply exactly the information desired by the innumerable buyers of innumerable reprints.

Speaking of reprints, and scarcely a month passes that we have not to record some new triumph in this important branch of modern publishing, we must note that Messrs. Sisley's, Ltd., are bringing out a new series of "Classics de Luxe." Judging from the specimen pages which we have seen, the series is likely to be a joy to all lovers of beautiful books. The *format* is admirable—small, panel-shaped volumes, furnished with all the luxuries of gilt edges, book-plates, book-marks, ornamental end papers, and coloured frontispieces. We are glad to see that the series is to deviate from the beaten track, and will start with such things as Goldsmith's "Life of Nash."

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, whose historical novel "The Fifth Queen: And How She Came to Court" has just been published, is a young man who is going steadily up the ladder of fame. His father, Francis Hueffer, was the well-known musical critic of the *Times*, and Mr. Hueffer himself made an entrance into the field of musical criticism actually before he had left school. He has written besides, poetry, fiction, literary and art criticism, and his name was very much before the public a year ago on the publication of an original and stimulating study of some aspects of London life. He had already collaborated with Joseph Conrad in two novels, but it was with "The Soul of London" that he first came to be looked upon as a force to be reckoned with amongst the younger authors of the day. A companion volume entitled "The Heart of the Country" is announced to be published shortly, as well as a volume of poetry, but Mr. Hueffer is not a profuse writer. He was at work for five years on "The Fifth Queen," and publishes nothing that he has not written and rewritten until it pleases him in form as well as in matter. "The Fifth Queen" is only the first of three books which he intends to devote to the story of Katharine Howard. When the whole work is completed it will form a striking picture of Tudor times.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will publish soon a new novel by Mr. Herbert McIlwaine, under the title of "Anthony Britten." The work will deal with social questions in London life. Mr. McIlwaine has been called the successor of Henry Kingsley in depicting scenes in Australia, but he has for the past ten years resided in London, and his sojournings in the poverty-stricken districts of our great metropolis have animated him with a sincere pity for the community who have such a desperate struggle for existence.

Mr. Leonard Merrick is invariably an interesting as well as an artistic writer, and we understand that "Whispers about Women," to be published shortly, will be found well up to Mr. Merrick's standard.

The much talked of *Daily Mail* sensation, "The Invasion of 1910," by William Le Queux, will be published in book form by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, during May.

"Frank Danby" is always bold in the themes of her novels, and "The Sphinx's Lawyer," to be published early in April by Mr. Heinemann, will be found a no less daring production than the preceding works of the same author, "Pigs in Clover," "Dr. Phillips, a Maida Vale Idyll." Both created a considerable sensation at the time of publication, and consequently had a very considerable sale. Those who have read Frank Danby's latest contribution to fiction foretell even a greater sensation, and consequently a larger sale than either of the two works mentioned by the same pen. The lengthy dedication, from which we quote a few lines, is in itself likely to rouse curiosity. In dedicating "The Sphinx's Lawyer" to her brother, "Owen Hall," Frank Danby says: "Because you 'hate and loathe' my book and its subject, I dedicate it to you. For incidentally your harsh criticism has intensified my conviction of the righteousness of the cause I plead." The cover for the volume has been specially designed by Mr. William Nicholson, and the American rights have been secured by J. B. Lippincott Company.

Messrs. Constable announce an important volume by Paul Van Dyke; it is called "Renascence Portraits." The men dealt with are Pietro Aretius, Thomas

Cromwell, and Maximilian I. Although among the most influential men of their time none of them are well-known to the general reader of history. Aretius was certainly one of the most extraordinary men of any time, and it is a curious fact that there is virtually nothing satisfactory in the English language about him. Dr. Van Dyke's view of Cromwell is that he was a thoroughly misunderstood man, whilst in the accounts hitherto published of Maximilian, the Emperor's own writings, which are of a very interesting nature, have never been brought into requisition.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash regrets that owing to the indisposition of "Mary Craven" (Mrs. Ffoulkes) he will be unable this season to publish "Famous Beauties of Two Reigns," a work that he originally announced last September. The author's health has now, however, sufficiently improved to lead Mr. Nash to hope that he will be able to issue this interesting contribution to historical literature in the early autumn of this year.

A new novel by the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin," is always looked forward to with interest by the many admirers of Mr. Percy White. In "Mr. John Strood," which Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will issue almost immediately, it will be found that Mr. White has made an experiment in literary methods as yet little tried in this country. The novel is a story of modern life. The hero of the book is a kind of Boswell who attempts to write the biography of a distinguished friend, and his adventures are of a most amusing description.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop says "a knowledge of clothes is essential to the study of history." He is therefore writing a book on "English Civil Costume," which will be issued first of all in four sections, and eventually the four sections will be combined in one book.

The volume on "Early English Costume" will be published this month, to be followed next month by "Middle Ages." The book is addressed especially to those who wish to make the dry bones of history live: the author, the artist, and the actor.

Messrs. Constable will publish immediately "The Arena," written by Mr. G. Harold Spender, well-known as a journalist, and brother of the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, a novel dealing with the inner life of modern British politics, crossed with a strong romantic interest. The theme of the book throughout is the part played by women in politics.

We are enabled on a subsequent page to reproduce a number of interesting photographs taken on the occasion of the recent Mark Twain Birthday Celebration at New York.

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN has to express his thanks to the Very Rev. Dean Kelly and Messrs. Sealy, Bryers and Walker, Dublin, for their kind permission to reproduce a number of illustrations from the "Early Haunts of Goldsmith."

He would also thank the following publishers and artists for their courteous assistance in the illustration of this number:—Messrs. James Watson and Co., Youghal; Messrs. Dent, Macmillan, J. Nisbet and Co., Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., and Mr. George Allen.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

February 20th to March 20th, 1906.

The trade of the past month has been of a fitful and varying nature; the demand during the earlier portion was upon the whole well sustained, but a gradual diminishment had place, whilst towards the close it somewhat recovered, and ultimately assumed the normal proportion for the time of year. The items which have contributed to form the greater part of the sales effected have been the 6s. novel, and the cheap reproductions of standard authors in the form of the popular pocket volumes. The chief item in the former class has been "The Gambler." "A Son of the People" has again been notably popular, but a number of other issues, such as "The Refusal," "Irresponsible Kitty," "The Bending of a Twig," "The Scholar's Daughter," "The Lady Noggs, Peeress," and "Portreeve," have also materially helped to bulk the sales in this line. Amongst the more recent successful issues "Giant Circumstance," by John Oxenham, must be mentioned.

Photo H. G. Chase, Southsea. **H. de Vere Stacpoole.**
Author of "Fanny Lambert."

Maarten Maartens.

At 3s. 6d. the two most noticeable lines have been "My Cornish Neighbours," by Mrs. H. Ellis, and an illustrated edition of "The Toy Tragedy," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.

Everyman's Library has continued to be a most attractive line, and it may be stated that the trade experience has been in not being able to obtain a sufficiently adequate supply wherewith to cover orders. Whilst, however, giving due meed of praise to such productions, the flood of cheap literature now upon the market is not an unmixed blessing to the trade, for it entails a vastly increased amount of labour and cost in the distribution with a minimum amount of remuneration.

The recently issued "Life" of the late Archbishop Temple, written by Seven Friends, has both in the manner in which it has been received by the reviewers, and also by its sales, fully justified this biographical collaboration. Another memoir of Sir Richard Burton is to hand, and this, with the continued demand for the "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," has formed the most interesting feature in this particular class.

Lent is again with us, but it cannot be said that any material increase in the circulation of religious literature has been apparent; mention may, however, again be made of Bishop Lang's "Parables of Jesus," Mortimer's "It Ringeth to Evensong," which, together with "The Life Superlative," by Stopford A. Brooke, have sold freely.

Stephen Phillips' new dramatic volume "Nero" has, consequent upon its public representation at the present time, also been freely in request.

"Frenzied Finance," a volume dealing with the American Oil Trust, has been favourably received.

Father R. H. Benson.
Photo Basini, Cambridge.
(By courtesy of Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.)

Amongst other miscellaneous items which have been prominent may be mentioned "The Happy Motorist," "Black's Medical Dictionary," "How to Choose a House," and Cantlie's "Physical Efficiency."

The most noticeable of the magazines has been the *Rapid Review*, with its article by Marie Corelli on the Conversion of Princess Ena.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Gambler. By K. C. Thurston. (Hutchinson.)
The Great Refusal. By Maxwell Gray. (Long.)
Irresponsible Kitty. By Curtis Yorke. (Long.)
The Scholar's Daughter. By B. Harraden. (Methuen.)
The Healers. By M. Maartens. (Constable.)
The Lady Noggs, Peeress. By E. Jepson. (Unwin.)
The Hill. By H. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
The Bending of a Twig. By D. F. T. Coke. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Mayor of Troy. By Q. (Cassell.)
A Son of the People. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)
Giant Circumstance. By J. Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
My Sword for Lafayette. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Life of Archbishop Temple. By Seven Friends. Two vols. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)
Life of Sir Richard Burton. By Thomas Wright. Two vols. 24s. net. (Everett.)
Life of Lord Randolph Churchill. By W. S. Churchill. Two vols. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)
Nero. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Frenzied Finance. By T. W. Lawson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
My Cornish Neighbours. By H. Ellis. 3s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)
A Toy Tragedy. By Mrs. H. de la Pasture. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)
The Parables of Jesus. By Bishop Lang. 6s. (Pitman.)
It Ringeth to Evensong. By A. G. Mortimer. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
Black's Medical Dictionary. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
The Happy Motorist. By F. Young. 3s. 6d. net. (Richards.)
Everyman's Library. Each vol. 1s. and 2s. net. (Dent.)
How to Choose a House.
Sixpenny Reprints.

Weekly Reports of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
Feb. 24.—A fair demand; export brisk.
March 3.—Quieter in all departments.
,, 10.—Still somewhat slack.
,, 17.—A brisker week.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

February 18th to March 17th, 1906.

It is very satisfactory to be able to report that business this month all over has been good, with the exception of the last few days, owing to bad weather. Not that business has been brisk; rather, I should say, it has been steady, especially so for the season of the year. We have had the annual shower of spring fiction, some fifty volumes. Year after year this section of a bookseller's stock requires more serious consideration. Many of these new novels being seldom or never asked for after publication, others may linger on for a few weeks; the remaining exceptions may prove strong enough to find their place. No doubt but for the insatiable appetite of the larger circulating libraries much of this fiction would not exist.

The six-shilling fiction in most request are E. T. Thurston's "Traffic," Violet Tweedale's "Lady Sarah's Son," John Oxenham's "Giant Circumstance," Keble Howard's "The Smiths of Surbiton," Max Pemberton's "My Sword for Lafayette," Rider

Haggard's "The Way of the Spirit," W. S. Maugham's "The Bishop's Apron," Eden Phillpotts' "The Portreeve," and Louis Tracy's "Karl Grier."

In several shops the outstanding sales of the month have undoubtedly been the volumes of Dent's "Everyman's Library," the run on the most popular titles being so great that the publisher could not meet the demand. It seems that the last note in this class of reprint has not yet been struck, as we are shortly to have a new line which will retail at tenpence per volume.

The literature of the drama is well represented this spring by Stephen Phillips' "Nero," and the second part of "The Dynasts," by Thos. Hardy, two most important books, the first editions of which are being quickly bought up. Messrs. Heinemann have also reissued Maurice Hewlett's "Pan and the Young Shepherd."

Two new lives of "Sir Walter Scott" were issued in one week, the larger book by G. Le Grys Norgate; the other, the new volume of the "Literary Lives Series," should be popular, it being the work of Andrew Lang, editor of the "Border Waverley."

The latest dictionary of domestic medicine, "Black's Medical Dictionary," was very well taken up by the Trade on publication, a second edition being necessary.

The little book "Tommy Brown: a Bad Boy's Memoir," by Aitken Murray, promises to have a large sale. It is the doings of a small boy suffering from an attack of "boys' penny bloodcurdler" literature.

Photo W. Forshaw, Oxford. **Dr. Joseph Wright.**
Editor of "The English Dialect Dictionary."

Gardening books which have been most in demand are the shilling series published by Messrs. Cassell, edited by W. P. Wright. The tasteful coloured covers cause them to be readily picked up; another volume on the "Winter Garden," by D. S. Fish, also sold.

"Concerning Golf," that well-known book by John L. Low, is going off well in its cheaper form.

The following volumes have also been selling:—T. W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance," Mrs. John Lane's volume of smart essays "The Champagne Standard," David Smith's "The Days of His Flesh," Professor Orr's "The Problem of the Old Testament," F. T. Bullen's "Sea Spray," and H. C. Gillies' "Place Names of Argyle."

Orders are being well booked for the Special Spring Number of "The Studio," "The Modern Home," a companion volume to "The British Homes of To-Day," and "The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art."

"Mrs. Wiggs," that delightful creation of Alice Hegan Rice, which has just been issued in a dainty shilling form, is selling widely.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the last month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Traffic. By E. T. Thurston. (Duckworth.)
Lady Sarah's Son. By Violet Tweedale. (Long.)
Giant Circumstance. By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Smiths of Surbiton. By Keble Howard. (Chapman and Hall.)
My Sword for Lafayette. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Way of the Spirit. By Rider Haggard. (Hutchinson.)
The Bishop's Apron. By W. S. Maugham. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Portreeve. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen.)
Karl Grier. By Louis Tracy. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Scholar's Daughter. By Beatrice Harraden. (Methuen.)

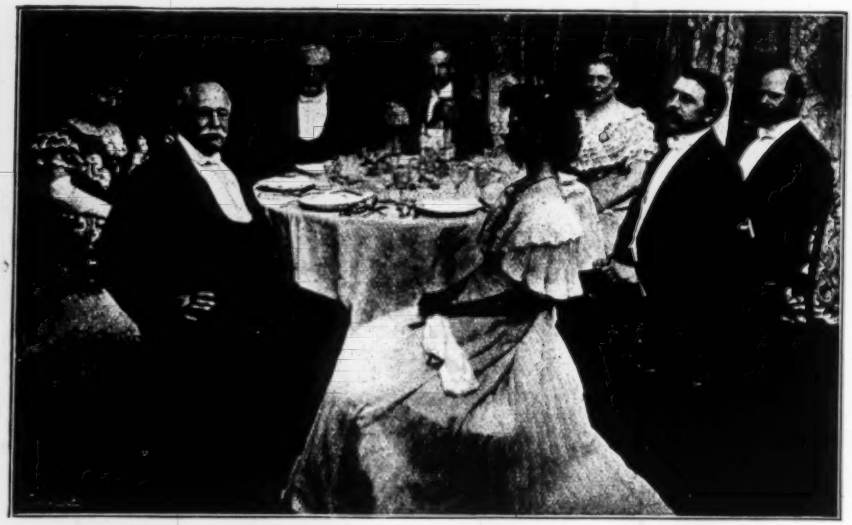
Miscellaneous.

Nero. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
The Dynasts. Second Part. By Thos. Hardy. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Black's Medical Dictionary. Edited by John D. Comrie, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., M.R.C.P.E. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Sir Walter Scott (Literary Lives). By Andrew Lang. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Days of His Flesh. By David Smith, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Problem of the Old Testament. By Prof. James Orr, D.D. 10s. net. (Nisbet.)
Everyman's Library. Various vols., 1s. net; leather, 2s. net. (Dent.)
Cassell's Shilling Gardening Series, six sorts.
Frenzied Finance. By T. W. Lawson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Sea Spray. By F. T. Bullen. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By A. H. Rice. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Tommy Brown: A Bad Boy's Memoir. By Aitken Murray. 6d. (Sands.)
The Champagne Standard. By Mrs. John Lane. 6s. (Lane.)
The New Knowledge. By R. K. Duncan. 6s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Précis Writing and Indexing. By J. B. Harrold. 2s. 6d. net. (Meiklejohn and Holden.)
Concerning Golf. By John L. Low. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Place Names of Argyle. By H. C. Gillies. 6s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)

Sixpenny Reprints.

Red Morn. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
Barbe of Grand Bayou. By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Obiter Dicta. First Series. By A. Birrell. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Dr. Nikola. By Guy Boothby. (Ward and Lock.)
Nada the Lily. By H. Rider Haggard. (Newnes.)
Ariadne. By Ouida. (Chatto and Windus.)
Trincolox. By Douglas Sladen. (Newnes.)
Head of the House. By E. Everett-Green. (Religious Tract Society.)
Lady Baby. By Dorothea Gerard. (Blackwood.)
The Edge of Circumstance. By Ed. Noble. (Blackwood.)

Norman Duncan.



William Dean Howells. Morgan Robertson.

Photo Byron, N.Y.

MEN AND WOMEN OF MARK.

Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens).—Name notwithstanding, there is only one Mark. Born 70 years ago in Florida, at thirteen he became a printer's apprentice. This may account for the variety of types in his books. As a printer he worked his way from town to town until he reached New York. Here he was amazed by the tall storeys; but resolved that his stories should be taller still. In 1855 he went West and became a pilot on the Mississippi. Then, "dropping the pilot," he went to Nevada and became the goldminer.

In 1862 he became editor of the *Virginia City Enterprise*; but again seeking change, he departed for San Francisco, and joined the staff of a morning paper as a reporter. Curiously enough, in view of this latter experience, his sense of humour remained unimpaired.

He next tried gold-mining again, but realising that more gold could be dug up with his pen than his pick, he turned his mind to literature. His "Jumping Frog" and "Innocents Abroad" being published, he definitely "arrived." Moreover, the Innocents, unlike the early books of some writers, did not bring him in no cents, but many. In fact, the book was a Mark-ed success, 125,000 copies being sold in three years.

He now resumed journalistic work, becoming editor of a Buffalo paper; but later he gave up the work, and marrying in 1870, he settled down at Hartford, Conn.

Of his work there is nothing new to say. Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer are Household Words. His feeling for the grotesque is unrivalled: his humour inexhaustible.

His short pieces probably represent his best work. He never wrote anything funnier than his "Encounter with an Interviewer," unless it was his history of his "Ancestors." No one can forget the Twain who, in consequence of certain actions in this country, "took a high position at Newgate" and was not heard of any more, or the ancestor who, when crossing to America, went on board with a paper parcel which he dignified with the name of "trunk," and who disembarked with a miscellaneous collection of bags, Saratoga trunks and hat-boxes, returning, however, shortly afterwards, to allege that some of his things were missing.

Mark Twain is a brilliant after-dinner speaker and lecturer. His best-known contribution to serious literature is his book on Joan of Arc. Indeed, so strongly has he taken up the "Maid's" case that she is coming to be regarded as "Joan of Mark." Mark Twain is a great user of the type-writer; in fact, "Tom Sawyer" was the first literary work to be type-written.

He says that he eats nothing between breakfast at 7.30 and dinner at night. Laugh *and* grow fat is apparently not his motto.

He lives in New York, but though separated from this country by thousands of miles, he has a place in the hearts of all Englishmen. For smiles are more than miles.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Riggs.—One of the most popular writers in America to-day. She has made much money by her Pen-elope. Mrs. Riggs first attracted attention with "Timothy's Quest," which enjoyed much success. Since then her "Penelope's Experiences" in Scotland, England, and Ireland and her "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" have won her great popularity. Her publisher is Gay—as well he may be. So also are her readers, for her quiet humour is unfailing. Her last novel, "Rose of the River," deals with the logs and lumbermen of the Forest of Maine. Notwithstanding her adoption of this subject, however, she cares little for log-rolling.

She is an LL.D. and lives in New York.

Kate Douglas Riggs. Bliss Carman.

Mark Twain. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

Photo Byron, N.Y.

Bliss Carman.—Born in 1861 at New Brunswick, at the University of which he was subsequently educated. He was also at Edinburgh and Harvard. He is now a journalist who instructs a large public. Where ignorance is—Bliss isn't. He has edited the *New York Independent*, and is a poet of distinction. Canoeing is his

favourite amusement, and this is not surprising. An *Independent* writer was likely to paddle his own canoe.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett (Mrs. Stephen Townsend).—Born in Manchester, at an early age she accompanied her parents to America. But the spectacle of an Atlantic liner, unlike that of a liner of Fleet Street, has no particular influence in discouraging one to write; and so, two years after she had crossed the ocean, she was publishing. Then "That Lass of Lowrie's" attracted attention in *Scribner's Magazine* (the editor of which had given her her first encouragement), and a few years later she wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which hit the public taste. Little Lord Fauntle royalties were very satisfactory, and so Mrs. Burnett continued writing. Many volumes now stand to her credit. Her chief method of recreation is, she says, "studying the needs of children." Probably in her opinion these needs include a fountain pen and a quire of paper, for she was in print when she was eighteen.

Thompson Buchanan. Lloyd Osbourne.

Frances Hodgson Burnett. Carolyne Wells. Will Carleton.
Photo Byron, N.Y.

William Dean Howells.—Born in Ohio in 1837, he is Mark Twain's junior by two years. He tells us that he was self-taught, and the fact is interesting, a novelist trying to teach himself instead of other people being somewhat of a novelty. Like Mark, he began life at the case. Moreover, his case was much the same as Mark's, for he became in turn an editor, a novelist, and a great traveller. In 1860 Lowell gave him an introduction to Hawthorne, and advised him "not to print too much too soon, and not to get married in a hurry."

During the troubled years 1861-5 he was a U.S. Consul.

Although, like a great countryman of his, he hates falsehoods (as witness the absence of pretence in his criticisms of this country), he likes a genuine hood, and wears those of the Oxford D.C.L. and the Harvard and Yale M.A.'s. When in England at various times he has often found fault with us, but owns to a particular keenness for Bath. He is not sufficiently an alien for that place name to frighten him. He confessed to a curiosity about Royalty, but "somehow," he says, "Royalty never came his way." Mark Twain was more fortunate, for, as he himself tells, he once met the present King in London. The King was in a brougham and Mark was on a 'bus.

Mr. Howells' novels enjoy far greater popularity in America than here. As to his work, he has great gifts of insight and gentle humour. Lowell once wrote to him, "Nobody comes near you in your own line." His recent volume, "London Films," aroused much attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

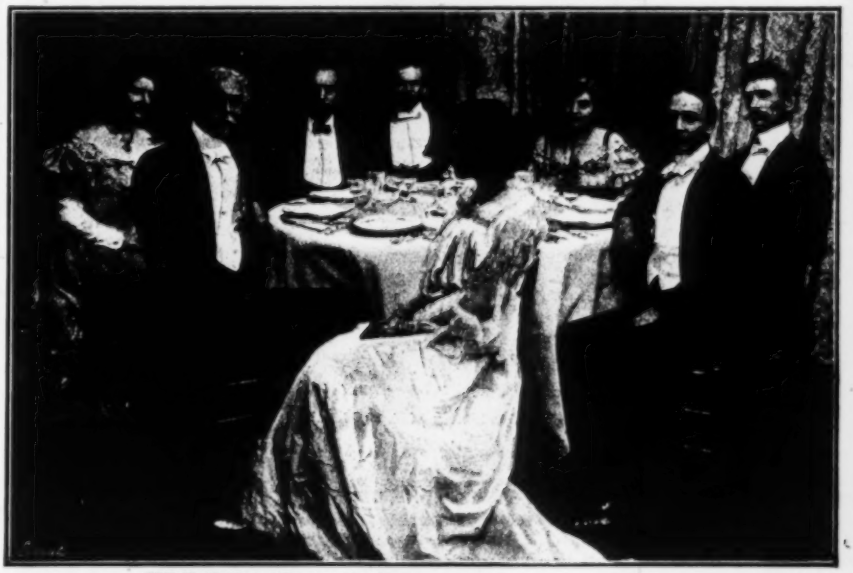
Mr. Howells has one aversion—our climate.

Lloyd Osbourne—not of an isle of whites but of the isle of Samoa, of which, some years ago, he was appointed U.S. Vice-Consul.

Born at San Francisco at 1868, he was educated at Edinburgh. He is known chiefly as the step-son and collaborator of Robert Louis Stevenson. When 19, he wrote a story, which in the hands of R.L.S. became the "Wrong Box." Out of the proceeds of the book Stevenson bought a yacht, and a delightful cruise followed. Satisfactory sales thus resulted in satisfactory sailings. Mr. Osbourne collaborated with R.L.S. in "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb Tide." The Ebb Tide reached his high-water mark.

Norman Duncan.—The reading public recently had to submit to a new Norman conquest. But the second conquest was not made by way of the Channel, but "By the Way of the Sea," that being the title of his first volume to make an impression here. He is a Canadian, and was born at Brantford, Ontario, in 1871. Educated at Toronto University, he afterwards went to New York, and joined the staff of the *New York Evening Post*. Man of letters as well as *Evening Post* man, he has published "The Mother," "Doctor Luke," and "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," volumes which have strengthened his reputation.

James B. Connolly. Isobel Strong.



Will N. Harben. Brander Matthews.
Photo Byron, N.Y.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

From April 2 to May 1.

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THE READER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

By J. H. Lobban.

"The regions of taste can be travelled only by a few, and even those often find indifferent accommodation by the way. Let such as have not got a passport from nature be content with happiness, and leave the poet the unrivalled possession of his misery, his garret, and his fame."

TO the most casual student of eighteenth century literature, the felicity of these sentences will betray their authorship. For they are stamped with the indubitable and inimitable hall-mark of Goldsmith's Gallic grace. The quotation has a biographical as well as a critical significance. We have chosen it purposely not from "The Vicar," not from any of the famous essays or plays, but from a quite forgotten review of a translation of Ovid, which Goldsmith, in 1759, three years after his arrival in London, contributed to "The Critical Review," edited by Tobias Smollett. Two years had yet to elapse before Goldsmith met Johnson. The biographical interest of the quotation lies in the facts that it reveals Goldsmith—who served his first apprenticeship in literature as a Press-reader to Samuel Richardson—reviewing for the author of "Humphry Clinker," and that it was written at a time when its author's fortunes were so desperate that we find him writing to his brother: "I must confess it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one." Its critical interest is the proof it affords that Goldsmith had already mastered the secret of his wonderful prose style, and that the merest hackwork of journalism must already be added to that surprising range of subjects which the greatest critic of his age declared, in immortal words, that Oliver Goldsmith touched and adorned. It was Hallam's opinion that a glorious anthology might be culled from the writings of Christopher North. No compiler, to our knowledge, has taken the hint. To gentlemen who can rewrite with ease, we would suggest that a finer garden lies open to them in the works of Goldsmith. But for such a purpose it will not be sufficient to keep to the two or three familiar main walks. The "grass-grown footways" of the minor writings must also be trod, at every turning of which the eye of the explorer will be gladdened by the sight of a profusion of flowers, which after a century and a half have lost nothing of their fragrance and beauty.

When Mrs. Thrale suggested to Johnson that Goldsmith "no doubt" would be his biographer, for "he will do it the best amongst us," Jupiter thundered in his best manner. "The dog would write it best to be sure; but his particular malice towards me, and general disregard for truth, would make the book useless to all, and injurious to my character." Our pleasure in the humorous exaggeration of this is shadowed by the thought of either of two great might-have-beens of English biography. Had Goldsmith survived his friend, we may be sure that necessity and affection would have combined to produce a masterpiece. But how are we to forgive Johnson, who in his time embalmed many flies, for evading a duty, the performance of which might have been his chiefest literary glory? The Rambler, the Idler, Rasselas, Irene, are all a sorry substitute for that unpainted portrait.

Oliver Goldsmith.
From a Silhouette attributed to Ozias Humphrey, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

The story of Goldsmith's life has been told so often that biography has sometimes deviated into fiction. The temptation has proved irresistible to most of his biographers to make him, not the subject of a critical study, but the hero of a picaresque romance. This tendency, displayed most clearly in the very title of Mr. Forster's work, "The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith," may be found in nearly every similar attempt. To one writer Goldsmith is a "mere machine of pity," to be identified with his own Man in Black. Another we shall find obsessed by Walpole's foolish dictum about the "inspired idiot," and Garrick's characteristic jibe:—

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor poll."

"The diligence of Mr. Prior," says Macaulay, appraising three of the most celebrated biographies of Goldsmith, "deserves great praise; the style of Mr. Washington Irving is always pleasing; but the highest place must in justice be assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr. Forster." Prior's Life of Goldsmith is unduly forgotten. It has few pretensions to style, and at many points it is inadequate. But Prior never forgot that he was writing the life of a great man of letters; and he avoided the perilous shoals of sentimentalism and discursiveness which have all but wrecked the enterprises of his more famous successors. Macaulay's own essay, it is superfluous to say, dispersed none of the innumerable false impressions which had already begun to rise up like a cloud round the record of Goldsmith's life, until the Man could not be identified in the Myth. An isolated saying of Boswell or of Johnson, divorced from its context, afforded a chance which Macaulay could not reasonably be expected to forgo. Seizing on a misconception, he would embroider it from his matchless erudition, with the result that

his inferences have been accepted as true, and have been among the most powerful causes in the formation of the composite portrait which is generally accepted as an authentic likeness of Oliver Goldsmith. To discover the real Goldsmith it is necessary to remove many layers of paint and varnish. Scarcely any writer is more autobiographical. His critical efforts betray the narrowness of his reading. He repeats himself—with variations, it is true, of surpassing literary adroitness—in a manner unequalled by any writer of first-rate rank. As compared with Johnson, Goldsmith has often been likened to the graceful antelope. In one respect, at least, he displayed the resourcefulness of the camel. He could produce an endless variety of delightful books with no other mental sustenance than the hump of his own experience. To know Goldsmith, read Goldsmith. Then read Boswell's Johnson, having first taken the precaution of gathering the indispensable grains of salt from a collation of the many contemporary records of conflicting opinions.

The story of Goldsmith's life, previous to his "coming to town," needs no retelling. It is as familiar as that of Moses Primrose and Anthony Lumpkin. Who does not know of Dame Delap, with her "never was so dull a boy"; of the little party in the rooms in Trinity College when the poor host was knocked down by the ruffianly tutor, Mr. Theaker Wilder (bad cess to him! Fifteen years later we learn with joy, from a footnote in Forster, that "*Wilder got a monstrous beating from Rogers.*" The excellent Rogers!); of the horse, Fiddleback; of the trustful Edinburgh tailor who arrayed Oliver's short person so splendidly in "sky-blew sattin, allapeen, fustian, shalloon, Genoa velvet, hatt-lace, and high clarett-coloured cloth"; and of the kind uncle Contarine, who was never so poor that he could not send a remittance to his brilliant scamp of a nephew. No lover of Goldsmith should forget the name of the Rev. Thomas Contarine. The three letters we possess, written to him by Oliver, are full of affection—with a spice of Goldsmithian roguishness. Announcing his intention of going to Leyden to attend the lectures of "the great Albinus," and then to Paris to hear "the great Du Hammell de Monceau," Oliver gravely adduces as a valid reason that the latter "speaks French." The last of the three letters concludes: "Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those you love." The day before Goldsmith left Leyden, he had occasion to borrow a "trifling sum" from an Irish acquaintance there. Then a florist's window tempted him, and a consignment of valuable flowers was dispatched to uncle Contarine. A few hours later Goldsmith, like the modern prospector, "humped his swag," and set out for the Klondyke which he never found "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand." But beneath the shirt there beat the merry heart that goes all the day.

Of his wanderings on the Continent, we have no record except such as can easily be gleaned from his works—especially from The Traveller, and from the history of George Primrose. Goldsmith clung tenaciously to his title of "Doctor." He said he obtained it at Louvain, but the records were burned. Some years later, it is stated that Johnson obtained the degree for him from Oxford—and again the records were lost. There never was such an unfortunate diploma. But whatever happened at Louvain, it is impossible to overestimate the value of these months of wandering to Goldsmith. He had the true spirit of the vagabond. He loved "the open road," and the chance company of the inn.

> "To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
> One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

The qualities which most clearly differentiate Goldsmith from all the writers of his time are his perfect urbanity, his catholicity, his humorous tolerance, his sympathetic insight into all sorts and conditions of men. He had doubtless a natural bias against insularity, but it is certain that this was sharpened by his wanderings. There is scarcely a page of his writings which does not attest this fact. It is his amused appreciation of national and individual idiosyncrasy that gives the special colouring to Goldsmith's incomparable humour. It is perhaps impossible to illustrate this by brief example. But suppose Scotland to be the theme. Johnson's bludgeon would ultimately convince his audience that the Scotsman's noblest prospect is the high road that leads to England. With a single rapier-thrust Goldsmith proves his superior dexterity. From a purely imaginary Edinburgh newspaper he quotes but one delightful sentence:—"We are positive when we say that Saunders McGregor, who was lately executed for horse-stealing, is not a Scotchman, but was born in Carrickfergus." Before he set out to hear the great Albinus, Goldsmith appears to have been a good French scholar. But his travels perfected his linguistic skill as they enlarged his sympathies. The effect upon his style was incalculable. Alone almost among English writers Goldsmith discovered the secret of the union of perfect simplicity and exactness which is still the enviable monopoly of the finest French prose. So skilfully does he conceal his art that it may be easily overlooked. In reality few great writers have used the file more diligently. By comparing his successive revisions of his essays, we are fortunately enabled to see the artist at work, and the lesson is no less interesting than instructive. In its first draft a paragraph may bear a dreadful resemblance to Johnsonese. When it finally leaves Goldsmith's hands, we find it transmuted into a thing compact of lightness, grace, and beauty.

In 1756 Goldsmith came to London, rich in experience but "very short in money." For three years he played as many parts as the critics have assigned to Shakespeare. He pounded drugs, he ate the bitter bread of the despised usher, he became a bookseller's slave, sometimes he had no roof to call his own. The misery of this period of probation cannot be exaggerated, and it appeals to us the more by virtue of the courage with which it was borne. But this should not blind us to the fact that the recurring distress experienced by Goldsmith during his last fifteen years in London had no cause but his own incurable improvidence. Goldsmith's struggle is not comparable with that which Johnson

The House at Lissoy,

to which his father moved when Oliver Goldsmith was two years old.

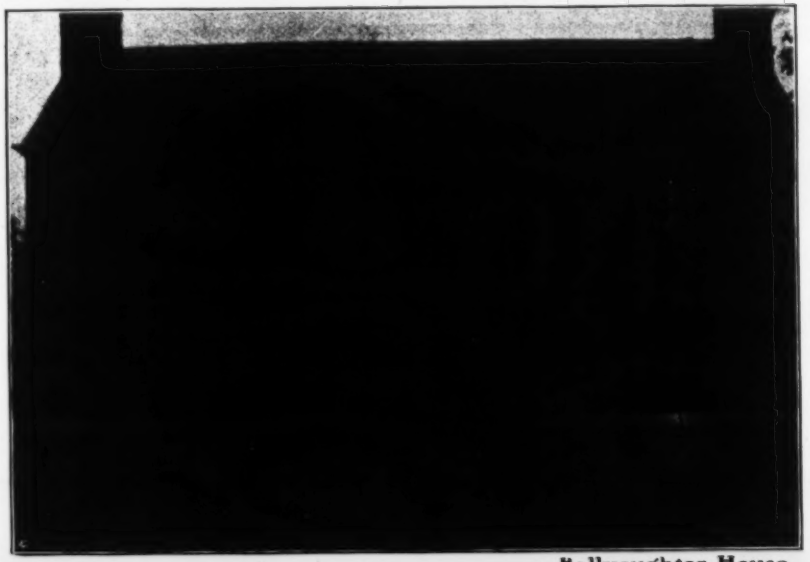
"Here, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

Lissoy.

"The never-failing brook and busy mill."
—"The Deserted Village."

Elphin School, Roscommon.

Where Goldsmith was placed at school under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Griffin.



Ballyoughter House.

Oliver Goldsmith lived here with his uncle whilst studying at Elphin School.

(The above photographs appear in Dean Kelly's "Early Haunts of Goldsmith," and are reproduced by kind permission of the author and the publishers, Messrs. Sealy, Bryers and Walker, Dublin.)

From a Drawing by H. L. Richardson.

"The long-remember'd beggar was his guest."

(Reproduced from "The Deserted Village," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

endured when he entered London twenty-six years before. The conditions of authorship had changed greatly, and for the better, and the rapid expansion of periodical literature afforded a fair opening to any writer of facility. Johnson's battle with poverty in London lasted for twenty-five years. In a fifth of that time Goldsmith was earning a competence, and had achieved fame. There are no more moving pages in Boswell than those which show us Goldsmith carrying his sorrows to Johnson. His early struggles left many scars on Johnson's manners, but they did not sear his heart. Goldsmith had good reason for his noble eulogy of his friend. To Boswell, who expressed surprise at Johnson's friendship for poor Levett, Goldsmith rejoined: "He is poor and honest, which is recommendation enough to Johnson."

When Goldsmith was admitted one of the nine original members of the Literary Club, on a footing of equality and friendship with Johnson, Reynolds and Burke, he had been only seven years in London. And he had as yet nothing to his literary credit but a number of compilations, his Life of Nash, and his essays. This seems to indicate that Goldsmith's essays were more correctly valued by his contemporaries than they have been since. For some mysterious reason, they were not included in any of the series of "British Essayists"—those many-volumed monuments to the soundness and sobriety of British morality. Was Goldsmith too frivolous to be granted a place beside the excellent Vicesimus Knox? Criticism has a well-grounded mistrust of versatility, and Goldsmith's reputation still pays severely for Johnson's epitaph. We are naturally sceptical of lapidary eulogy, and it is contrary to every canon of criticism that any writer should touch and adorn everything. No good critic has disputed Johnson's verdict in considering each of its separate counts. But, taken as a whole, it has proved a little overwhelming, and in most of the criticisms of Goldsmith you will not fail to detect this note of grudging and mistrust. A genius, certainly! But a Jack-of-all-trades! It would appear as if the admission of versatility would blow upon the sagacity of the critic, and in treating of Goldsmith he has for the most part fallen back on a compromise between conviction and convention.

Johnson, who could criticise an essay so much better than he could write one, remarked that no man could pen an essay with the ease and elegance of Goldsmith. And it is certainly the case that, saving Addison alone, Goldsmith, the essayist, has no rival in his century. The "City Night-Piece," the "Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern," the "Beau Tibbs" papers in "The Citizen of the World," are alone sufficient to prove this. The most original and most enduring portion of the essays which resulted from the felicitous partnership of Steele and Addison is the Coverley papers, in which we see the English essay reaching forward to the English novel. It was to this form of the essay that Goldsmith, with his unerring instinct in choosing a model, brought the equipment of the ideal essayist—humour, facility, lightness of touch, alert observation, constructive imagination, and style. His humour and his insight were never more fully displayed than when he assumed the disguise of Lien Chi Altangi, and slyly surveyed his countrymen through the mask of that impassive Oriental. The visit of Beau Tibbs to Vauxhall records the high-water mark of Goldsmith's comic genius.

A large proportion of Goldsmith's writings is indiscriminately labelled hackwork. But there was never a hack like Goldsmith. He had the Midas touch, and in his most perfunctory compilations you may discern the Pactolean gold. In biography his happiest achievement is the Life of Nash—at first bearing many marks of haste, in its final form a choice morsel of humorous irony. The "King of Bath" had many surprising strokes of luck, but none to equal the fortune that made Oliver Goldsmith his biographer. We can only mention the histories of England, Greece, and Rome—for several generations justly the most popular of school-books—as delightful mixtures of history and fiction concocted by the greatest of all compilers. Happy Georgian schoolboys, who had their educational pills sugared for them by Dr. Goldsmith! There remains Goldsmith's most elaborate compilation, which has also many claims to be regarded as his most original and most humorous masterpiece. We refer to the "History of Animated Nature." When Goldsmith announced his project, his friends did not take it very seriously. Johnson said he would make of it a Persian tale; Mr. Thrale offered him access to his stables to verify his history of the horse. Goldsmith himself was at first very serious. He took country lodgings in the Edgware Road, so as to be in touch with nature, and he carried there two post-chaise-

fuls of books, of which the names are still recorded in the sale catalogue of poor Oliver's possessions. Much inept criticism has been passed upon this undertaking, and we have been told not once or twice of Goldsmith's simple credulity. It is always prudent to suspect Chinese simplicity. Lien Chi Altangi was certainly not the fool some biographers suspect. When he had not time to consult authorities, he trusted to his imagination for his facts. Beyond all question Goldsmith's is the most "animated" history of nature ever written. His residence in the Edgware Road farmhouse has added to the gaiety of nations. It was there he met "a sheep that would eat flesh," and "a horse that was fond of oysters." He also met there "a raven, who could sing 'The Black Joke' with great distinctness, truth, and humour," and a parrot that "could repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch." And there, too, Goldsmith was able to observe that the "cow sheds its horns," and that "the louse becomes a grandfather in the space of twenty-four hours." After the "Anatomy of Melancholy" there is not a book so whimsical as Goldsmith's History of Animated Nature. It is eloquent and witty and entertaining. It is everything—except a book of reference.

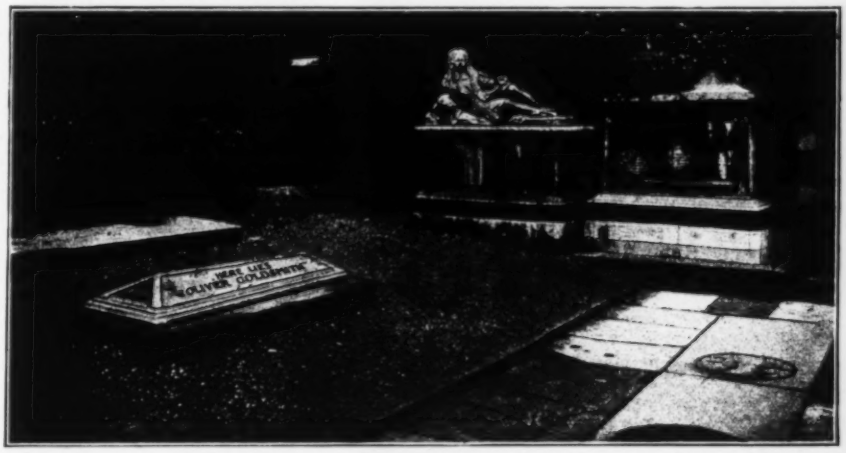
"That man is a poet," was the brief but impressive verdict of Thomas Gray on "The Deserted Village." To how many has it not been the first delightful introduction to poetry—a poem of which the beauty cannot be concealed by the most industrious labours of those who "prepare it for the use of junior forms." Even to the youngest of us, the poetry of Goldsmith stands in no need of exposition or annotation. Its beauty, its simplicity, its humanity, appeal directly and irresistibly to the heart and the head of every reader of any age. The schoolboy of the present day has his taste for poetry cultivated by paraphrasing passages from Milton and Wordsworth; thirty years hence his children may be weeping over home-exercises on the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, edited, with a foreword and an appendix, by the Smelfungus of the day. Happier those of an earlier time whose first acquaintance with the poets was their meeting with Oliver Goldsmith at Sweet Auburn. The boy or girl who comes under the spell of Goldsmith's genius will have enjoyed a liberal education in literature. For, whether in prose or in verse, he provides a magical touchstone, which enables us to distinguish what is really good from what is only of temporarily good report. It is the charm of all Goldsmith's work that it is universal in its appeal. Familiarity only quickens our enjoyment of those beautiful lines:—

"Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose,
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw,
And as a hare, whom horns and hounds pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

Of Goldsmith as novelist and dramatist the last word has long been said. *Monumentum si quaeris circumspice.* In an age of reprints, "The Vicar of Wakefield" is still the first favourite: "She Stoops to Conquer" is again upon the stage. As long as Englishmen have a sense of humour, Tony Lumpkin and his mother will make a crowded audience laugh as heartily as it laughed on that famous first night at Covent Garden, when Johnson laughed in the side box, "and when he laughed, everybody thought himself warranted to roar." The qualities which have won for "The Vicar of Wakefield" a renown abroad commensurate with the regard in which it is held at home are best described in Goethe's familiar tribute. "It is not to be described the effect which Goldsmith's *Vicar* had upon me just in the critical moment of mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever name they bear, proved my best education."

That Goldsmith talked like "poor poll" is vouched for by Garrick and Walpole. Macaulay asserted that there was overwhelming evidence for the fact. But Boswell himself (much distressed as he was by the admiration and love of Ursa Major for Ursa Minor) asserts the contrary, and Sir Joshua Reynolds supports him. The best and only valid answer to the lingering tradition is supplied by reference to Boswell's own transcript of Goldsmith's talk. Of every leading member of the Club, it was Goldsmith who blurted out the happy phrase that



Oliver Goldsmith's Tomb in the Temple.
Rischgitz Collection.

Oliver Goldsmith.
After the Statue by J. H. Foley, R.A., at Trinity College, Dublin.
Rischgitz Collection.

has endured. Thus of Johnson, it was he who said: "He has nothing of the bear but his skin"; "Sir, if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales"; "He is now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson"—a critical *multum in parvo* of Johnson's manners, style, and heart. It was he, too, who said that "Burke winds into his subject like a serpent," and wittily spoke of Boswell as "not a cur, but a bur." All little triumphs of that genius for brief and incisive characterisation which bore its finest fruit in the unfinished "Retaliation."

In the course of his short life Goldsmith did not escape acquaintance with toil and envy and want. But on a fair reading of his own works, and waving aside the sentimental imaginings of his biographers, it is impossible not to conclude that his life was happy and fortunate beyond that of most of his famous contemporaries. There were grey, very grey days when even Oliver Goldsmith's optimism was eclipsed; but there were also many halcyon days when the poet, bravely arrayed in Mr. Filby's "Satin grain Tyrian bloom," basked in the sunshine of fame. Goldsmith had not to console himself only with the hope of a posthumous regard and renown. Reynolds and Burke loved him and praised him, and when his care was over, Johnson would suffer none but himself to write the last tribute to his "poor, dear, Doctor Goldsmith."

But a few yards distant from his old chambers in Brick Court, Goldsmith lies buried in the Temple,

> "Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> There whylome wont the Templar Knights to bide."

The literary associations of the Temple have taxed the descriptive powers of many of our greatest writers. Lamb's emotion drove him into an unwonted stiltedness of phrase when he wrote of it as "the most elegant spot in the metropolis." We cannot join in the lament of many lovers of Goldsmith—that he was denied the glory of Westminster Abbey. The graves of Bunyan and Defoe in Bunhill Fields are visited by as few as search out the monuments to Hood and Thackeray at Kensal Green. But around the slab on the pavement of the Temple which records with a pardonable inaccuracy "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," you will not at any time fail to see a group of cosmopolitan and reverent pilgrims. There could be no more fitting resting-place for our kind Citizen of the World than that hallowed spot, so near "the mighty heart" itself, where he still may hear

> "The floods of Strand and Fleet,
> The diapason of the street."

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1906.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A Prize of Half-a-Guinea is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in the April number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A Prize of Three New Novels of the month is offered for the best six instances of critical misjudgments of their contemporaries made by great writers.

III.—A Prize of Half-a-Guinea is offered for the best list, selected from representative English fiction, of twenty characters which are known to have had originals.

IV.—A copy of The Bookman will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion

for The Bookman Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Miss I. M. Bailey, 58, Lichfield Road, Southtown, Great Yarmouth.

MR. OWEN SEAMAN.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool."
Twelfth Night, III., 1, 68.

Other quotations submitted were :—

THE BEAUTY SHOP. By Daniel Woodroffe.

"Look on beauty
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight."
—*M. of V.*, III., 12, 88.
(Miss M. F. Cartwright, 25, Rock Lane, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.)

THREEPENCE A DAY FOR FOOD. By Eustace Miles.

"He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes."
—2 *Hen. IV.*, 2, 4, 156.
(Mrs. Frank Elliott, 11, Blenheim Road, N.W.)

THE RED SEAL. By Morice Gerard (Rev. J. Jessop Teague).

"What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, Master parson?"—*M. W. W.*, III., 1, 45.
(B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

MRS. BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies."—*Ant. and Cleop.*, II., 2, 243.
(P. A. Keppie, St. Denys, Eskbank, Dalkeith.)

II.—The Prize of Three New Novels of the month offered for the four best passages from English literature describing (*a*) a kiss, and (*b*) a blow, respectively, has been gained by Mr. R. V. Williams, 5, Mount Pleasant, Belfast.

A KISS.

I.

"Lucy! my bride! my life!"

The night-jar spins his dark monotony on the branch of the pine. The soft beam travels round them, and listens to their hearts. Their lips are locked.

Pipe no more, Love, for a time. Pipe as you will, you cannot express their first kiss; nothing of its sweetness, and of the sacredness of it, nothing. St. Cecilia up aloft, before the silver organ-pipes of Paradise, pressing fingers upon all the notes of which Love is but one, from her you may hear it.

—*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, Chapter XIX.

II.

For lo! even now my lady's lips did play
With these, my lips, such consonant interlude,
As laurelled Orpheus longed for when he wooed
The half-drawn hungering face with that I st lay.

I was a child beneath her touch—a man
When breast to breast we clung—even I and she—
A spirit when her spirit looked through me—
A god, when all our life-breath met to fan
Our life-blood, till love's emulous ardours ran,
Fire within fire, desire in Deity.

—D. G. Rossetti, *The House of Life*, Sonnet VI.

III.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list. put that in;
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad.
Say that health and wealth have missed me.
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.

IV.

Then Nelly spoke—
And Tommy, fit enough to choke—
And "I'll give you a kiss," she says, "Tommy, for that"—
And she wiped her little mouth with her brat.
"Here now, Tommy," and made a lip to 'm;
But Tommy ran, but Nelly grip't him;
And Tommy turned this way, and Tommy turned that way,
And poor little Nelly couldn't tell what way—
And first cockin' one ear, and then the other,
Till at last, says Nelly, "Dear heart! the bother
There's with you, too!" And "Turn for all!
Turn, ye donkey!" But he stood like a wall,
And whatever she did, and whatever she said,
She was forced to kiss him on the back of his head.

. . . . . .

And "After all, he's a fool," says she.

—T. E. Brown, *Tommy Big-Eyes*.

A BLOW.

I.

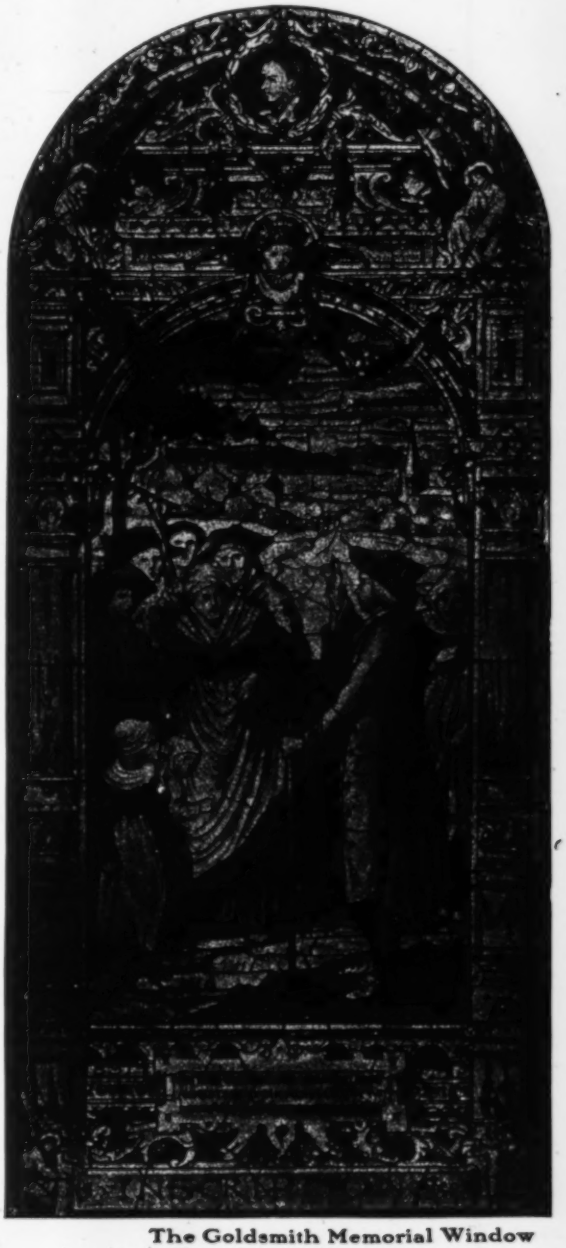
Before the Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted; and it so happened that the blow which struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow.

"Hurrah for Long Melford!" I heard Bella exclaim; "there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over."

—Geo. Borrow, *Lavengro*, Chap. LXXXV.

II.

But Adam, who was no chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing champion in the universe, lay still only to watch his opportunity, and now perceiving his antagonist to pant with his labours, he exerted his utmost force at once, and with such success, that he overturned him and became his superior, when, fixing one of his knees on his breast, he cried out, "It is my time now," and after a few minutes' constant application, he gave him so dext'rous a blow just under his chin that the fellow no longer retained any motion, and Adams began to fear he had struck him once too often, for he often asserted he should be concerned to have the blood of even the wicked upon him.—Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, Chap. LX.



The Goldsmith Memorial Window at Forgney, Mullingar.

(Reproduced by kind permission of the artists, Messrs. James Watson and Co., Youghal.)

III.

Thus did he maintain the defensive, making his eye, foot, and hand keep true time, until observing his antagonist to lose wind, he darted the staff at his face with his left hand, and as the miller attempted to parry the thrust, he slid his right hand down to his left, and with the full swing of the weapon, struck his opponent on the left side of the head, who instantly measured his length upon the green sward.

—Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Ivanhoe*, Chap. XI.

IV.

Hickman generally stood with his back to me, but in the scuffle he had changed positions, and Neate, just then, made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards, he hung suspended for a minute or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell.—WILLIAM HAZLITT, *The Fight*.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Johnsonian prose version of any nursery rhyme has been gained by Mrs. D. H. ABERCROMBY DICK, Carston, Ayr.

"LITTLE JACK HORNER."

"Believe me, sir, if you turn you will see a goodly sight; the diminutive John, scion of the illustrious house of Horner, seated in that portion of the room where the friendly shade most obscures him, revelling in that ambrosia of childhood, sacred to Yuletide, the Christmas pudding.

"Look, sir, with what Epicurean delight he plucks forth the fruit of Corinth, and in a self-complacent tone exclaims loudly: 'Behold, the virtue of all the heroes is mine!'"

IV.—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestions has been awarded to Mr. J. H RICHARDSON, 36, College Green, Dublin, and Miss H. BATCHELOR, 7, Lansdowne Place, Blackheath.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me."—SWIFT.

LAURENCE STERNE.

IN one important respect the author of the novel published yesterday enjoys an advantage denied to most of the old masters of fiction. For we read his book, and enjoy it or dislike it, praise it or condemn it, on its merits alone. On the other hand, there are few writers of classical rank to the first reading of whose works any of us have brought this open mind. We approach them with a hundred prejudices, whether in their favour or in their disfavour, derived from a first-hand or second-hand acquaintance with the judgments already passed upon them by their numerous critics and biographers. To be able to overcome this bias is the first qualification of the true critic. It is a test, the application of which reduces the ranks of our critical writers to a very slender company. In a recent volume of advice to young writers, the author observed that "it is a strange fact, amply proved by experience, that the public always forms a highly flattering estimate of the physical attributes and mental endowments of an author whom it cannot see." The wisdom of this advice to the living is proved by the fortune of the dead. Milton, Swift, Sterne, Carlyle—these are only four names chosen at random from the long list of great writers whose readers come to them, in nine cases out of ten, with minds already biassed by some knowledge of their domestic unhappiness.

Nothing has proved so injurious to the reputation of Sterne as Walpole's epigram that "a dead ass was more important to him than a living mother." Byron repeated and sharpened the charge, and it was endorsed in Thackeray's familiar lecture. Modern defenders of Sterne have unanimously singled out Thackeray as the arch offender. It is regrettable that one great humorous novelist should have treated a famous predecessor with so little sympathy. But in the diatribes against Thackeray it is generally forgotten that in the opening sentence of his Lectures on the English Humorists he expressly states that it is of their lives and not of their books that he asks permission to speak. The apologist of the life of Sterne certainly requires an intolerable deal of whitewash. That Thackeray said anything unwarranted by fact regarding the life of Sterne would be a hard thesis to maintain. Our wonder rather is that charity, not to speak of critical insight, did not lead him to present in truer perspective the genius of the great humorist who created the family of Shandy.

Sterne, the great-grandson of an Archbishop of York, was born at Clonmel in 1713. His father was an ensign in a regiment of foot, and had married while campaigning in Flanders. "My birthday," he wrote, "was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day of our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world, with a wife and two children." In less than a year, the regiment was re-established, and Roger Sterne again went abroad to take part in the Vigo expedition, his wife and children in the meantime being hurried from one depôt to another. Under such conditions it is not surprising that four of his seven children died in infancy. Of his father, who died as the result of a duel in 1731, Sterne says: "My father was a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was, in his temper, somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose." The importance of this quotation is that it brings us face to face with the original of Uncle Toby.

From Halifax Grammar-school, to which he was sent at the age of eleven, Sterne,

From a Drawing by E. J. Sullivan.

"It seems they find somewhat absurd in my figure."

(Reproduced from "Letters from a Citizen of the World," by kind permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

in 1733, proceeded to Cambridge, where he was maintained by his kinsman, Simon Sterne of Elvington. In 1738 he took orders, and, by the influence of his uncle, the Archdeacon of York, immediately obtained the living of Sutton-in-the-Forest and a prebend in York. Three years later he married Elizabeth Lumley, the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman, and in 1745 was born his only child, Lydia, his affection for whom, as revealed in his letters, is the most charming trait in his character. For Sterne's married life was far from happy. His wife, like Mrs. Shandy, was matter-of-fact to a degree, and little suited to understand or sympathise with a whimsical and erratic genius. The separation that ultimately came about was a relief to both, but it is idle to deny that the sole cause of it was Sterne's inconstancy. In Sterne's sentimentality there was something radically morbid and unsound. All his life he philandered, but there is no evidence that he ever loved. Sentiment became his profession, his stock in trade. He kept copies of his love-letters, and the choicest passages in his letters to the "Eliza" of later years were literal quotations from those which he had once addressed to Miss Lumley! In so great a writer it is easier to forgive the inconstancy than the base parsimony of invention. No Restoration poet would have wooed two mistresses with the same sonnet!

At Cambridge Sterne met John Hall Stevenson, and the college friendship was destined to have an enormous influence on Sterne's life and work. Stevenson himself is an unimportant author of unsavoury reputation. But at Crazy Hall, the familiar name of his ancestral seat, where strange orgies were held, he gathered together an equally strange collection of books, access to which undoubtedly determined the unique form of Sterne's literary work. That Sterne plagiarised others plentifully, as he plagiarised his own love-letters, has been proved to demonstration. Cervantes, Burton, Arbuthnot, and many others provided the straws with which Sterne built his bricks. He stole in rather a shameless manner, exceeding the undefined limits of honest plagiarism. His most famous phrase, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is a quotation; the dead ass, Uncle Toby's fly, and many other "properties" of his most famous pathetic scenes have been remorselessly traced to an earlier source. But even where Sterne borrowed, he "stole with taste," and his commanding originality needs no proof beyond the mention of the names of Uncle Toby, Dr. Slop, Corporal Trim, Captain Shandy, and the Widow Wadman.

After nearly twenty years in his Yorkshire parish, Sterne began authorship at the age of forty-six. The first volumes of Tristram Shandy met a wonderful reception, and until his death Sterne produced his annual addition to Tristram, or a volume of sermons, or his "Sentimental Journey," every year journeying to London to be fêted in a manner never before experienced by any author. "One is invited," says the poet Gray, "to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight before. As to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them, and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his 'Sermons,' with his own comic figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.' Sterne's popularity in London—on repeated visits—was unique. We have Goldsmith's jealousy and Johnson's thunderings to prove it. It was the same when Sterne went to Paris, where his brilliant humour was even more appreciated than at home. Wherever Sterne went he made friends. Warburton called him an irrevocable rascal, but even he, too, at one time had fallen a victim to Sterne's undoubted personal charm.

It has been well said that Sterne is our first impressionist. "Tristram Shandy" is not a novel, but a brilliant and unique miscellany which contains a number of the finest bits of characterisation and humour in the language. Sterne's work, said Hazlitt, consists "only of *morceaux*—of brilliant passages. His wit is poignant, though artificial; and his characters (though the groundwork of some of them had been laid before) have yet invaluable original differences; and the spirit of the execution, the master strokes thrown into them, are not to be surpassed. . . . My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature. He is the most unoffending of God's creatures. Of his bowling-green, his sieges, and his amours, who would say or think anything amiss."

From a Drawing by Chris Hammond.

"Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way."—"She Stoops to Conquer."

(Reproduced from the "Comedies of Oliver Goldsmith," by kind permission of Mr. George Allen.)

The end of Sterne's biography is one of the saddest in our annals. All his life he was the victim of consumption, and the weaknesses of his character may well be explained and covered by the physical weakness which he bore so cheerfully and undauntedly. He died alone, miserably, in lodgings in London. He was buried in the Bayswater Cemetery of St. George's, Hanover Square, where a stone records his interment "near this place." But there is, against this, the horrid legend, not unsupported by evidence, that Sterne's body was stolen from its tomb, and that the skull of poor Yorick the Second was used to teach anatomy to the students of his own old university. The dust of Goldsmith doubtless lies near his reputed grave. Poor Yorick has no grave to be called his own. But he added at least three imperishable pictures to the national portrait gallery of English fiction, and his genius was so distinctive that he has never had a colourable rival. Sterne had many imitators. His sentimentalism was unconsciously burlesqued by Henry Mackenzie and imitated by Dickens. But Sterne's sentiment, like Lamb's humour, is a thing that stands alone and unexcelled in English literature. Both elude classification, both evade description and analysis. "You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

RANGER.

The following are some suggested text-books and reference-books :—

Sterne. By H. D. Traill. (E. M. L.) 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Life of Sterne. By Percy FitzGerald. 6s. (Chatto.)
A Sentimental Journey. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
Tristram Shandy. 1s. net. (Frowde.)

A £300 LITERARY PRIZE COMPETITION.

In the Christmas Number of "The Bookman," 1905, a table was printed under the title of "The Best Selling Books," containing the reports received from thirty-six representative booksellers throughout the country. An examination of these lists seemed to shew that in juvenile literature especially the number of outstanding favourites is remarkably few. This is the more surprising when we consider the immense child-public to be provided annually with entertainment in books.

With a desire to stimulate interest in this by no means unimportant branch of literature, the Editor of "The Bookman" has pleasure in announcing

"THE BOOKMAN"

Prize Competitions for the Best Books for Boys and Girls.

AUTUMN, 1906.

THREE PRIZES OF £100 EACH ARE OFFERED FOR—

Class I. The Best Story for Boys not exceeding 80,000 words.

Class 2. The Best Story for Girls not exceeding 80,000 words.

Class 3. The Best Book for Little Children, suitable for Illustration.

CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

1. The Competition is open to any author, and the nature of the stories, whether of historical, adventurous, school life, or other interest, is left to the choice of the competitors. In Class 3 preference will be given to MSS. accompanied by illustrations or a suitable scheme for such, but the length and scope of the book are also left open.

2. All MSS. must bear the name and address of the competitors. All MSS., whether the work of new writers or of those who have already published stories, will be judged solely on their merits, so that the unknown author is afforded an equal opportunity of winning the prizes.

3. The decision of the publishers will be final.

4. On payment of £100 to the winner in each of the above classes, the MS. will become the absolute property of the Publishers of "The Bookman," Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

5. Competing MSS. may be sent in at once and until July 4th, 1906. The result will be announced as soon after that date as possible.

6. Competing MSS. must be accompanied by a letter stating that they are intended for the competition in accordance with the conditions laid down.

7. The Publishers will endeavour to return all MSS. which are accompanied by stamps for the purpose, but they undertake no responsibility for any MSS. submitted.

8. MSS. must be delivered free, to "The Bookman," 27, Paternoster Row, London, and must bear on the outside page the word Boys, Girls, or Children, according to the Class for which they are entered.

THE ROMANCE OF ENGLISH FOLK-SPEECH.*

By Bevis Hampton.

THE Professor of Comparative Philology in Oxford has at last brought his great undertaking to a happy end. It has come just in the nick of time. Until within recent years, philological scholarship in England was hardly capable of tackling such a big job as this. Neither was there sufficient respect for dialect speech, or sufficient recognition of its value to the student, for anyone to think it worth while to compile a comprehensive dictionary of dialect. It would have answered to no public need, for the general interest in dialect is of quite modern growth. Wordsworth thought he had got down to the language of common men in "Lucy Gray," and the rest of the Lyrical Ballads, though he ought to have known better from Burns, or from Southey's charming little sketch (in "The Doctor") of "T' terrible knitters o' Dent." Wordsworth himself, with all his real sympathy towards rustic life, never truly entered into the unconscious poetry of rural speech, which was condemned as "vulgar" until George Eliot and Thomas Hardy brought it into popular favour. Even the subsequent crowd of feeble stories in mongrel dialect have not turned aside the genuine interest of the public. And here is scholarship reminding us of the more learned aspects of the case.

From a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Miss Mary Horneck ("The Jessamy Bride") and her Sister.

The foundations of the present work were laid as far back as 1873, when the English Dialect Society was started with the object of publishing reprints and original research in dialect. During more than twenty years of its existence, the Society brought out some eighty glossaries, dialect sketches and specimens, and kindred matter, among which we find volumes by such well-known authorities as Professor Skeat, Dr. Henry Sweet, Dr. Alexander Ellis, and Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The Society also began to collect in MS. a mass of odd material (including words and phrases never previously known in print), which formed the nucleus of the English Dialect Dictionary. This MS. collection underwent some preliminary overhauling by Dr. Smythe Palmer; then, in 1895, Professor Wright finally took it over and began in earnest his work of editing. Outside workers, of every rank in life, men and women, peasants and scholars, were co-opted from almost every county in England and Scotland, and gave most valuable help from their own local knowledge and their opportunities of clearing up difficult and doubtful points. Others gave voluntary aid in making dialect excerpts and quotations (with due caution) from novels, antiquarian works, newspapers, and other likely sources, besides reducing to manageable form the Glossaries published by the English Dialect Society, and such standard works as Miss Jackson's Shropshire Word-Book. In all, upwards of five thousand books have been thus embodied in Professor Wright's bulky volumes.

The issue of the Dictionary had been considered, at the outset, so hazardous a venture that no publisher was willing to undertake the risk. Professor Wright, with true public spirit, rose to the difficulty by being his own publisher; the work of printing being carried out by the Clarendon Press. In 1896, Parts I. and II. were issued to the subscribers, and succeeding parts have followed with unfailing regularity till the last. Copies of the whole work are now to be offered through the booksellers, for a short time, upon the instalment plan.

The English Dialect Dictionary is a marvel of patience and research. For thoroughness, clearness of method and arrangement, and soundness of scholarship, it is worthy of comparison with the best efforts of German philologists, and with its great contemporary, the Oxford English Dictionary. The mass of material is, to an outsider, bewildering in its completeness. Over 100,000 words are dealt with in this "complete vocabulary of all dialect words still in use, or known to have been in use during the last two hundred years." The phonological

* "The English Dialect Dictionary." Edited by Joseph Wright, Ph.D. Parts XXIX.-XXX. "The English Dialect Grammar," completing the work. 30s. net. (Henry Frowde.)

index alone contains 15,924 dialect forms, and over 90,000 references to counties or districts. As an example of the amount of information about the dialect forms of some of our commonest words, there are in the index no fewer than thirty-five pronunciations of the word *father* (fader, feyther, fadther, vather, etc.); thirty-six forms of *daughter*, forty-three of *earth*, thirty of *gate*, and forty-four of the most truly English of all words—*home*. Again, the verb *to be*, with difficulty squeezed into nine closely-printed columns by an ingenious system of abbreviations, involved special queries, upon nearly 200 points, to correspondents all over Great Britain. But the chief difficulty of the editor was in connection with phonology. Very few non-specialists in language possess the trained ear which can discriminate with certainty between the finer differences of sound; perhaps still fewer could grapple with the special phonetic system (in the main that of Dr. A. J. Ellis) employed by Professor Wright in his phonology. Thus, in some instances, he has found it impossible to give the exact pronunciation, for the best local authorities themselves differ hopelessly about it. There is also a comparative dearth of information. "If we possessed about three hundred detailed grammars of the principal English dialects spoken in the United Kingdom, and could find hundreds of competent people willing to answer queries about difficult or doubtful points, it might be possible to furnish a classification of our dialects, which would be tolerably accurate for all practical purposes. But this ideal state of things is never likely to be realised."

Such is the scholar's counsel of perfection. This undertaking required, however, something more than scholarship, in proportion as it appeals to a wider circle of readers than those learned in philology, for whom it was primarily intended. Professor Wright has brought to his task a real living interest and enthusiasm, born of experience, for he was himself a dialect speaker in his youth, and so got the intimate first-hand knowledge of a non-literary tongue, which no outsider, however sympathetic, can ever hope to gain.

"The working classes," he says, "speak quite differently among themselves than when speaking to strangers or educated people, and it is no easy matter for an outsider to induce them to speak pure dialect, unless the outsider happens to be a dialect speaker himself. An excellent example of this came before me the other day in a Westmoreland village. A man said to me: 'The roads are dirty,' and I said to him: 'Dooent ye say oop 'ere 'at t'reeads is mucky?' With a bright smile on his face he replied, 'We dew,' and forthwith he began to speak the dialect in its pure form."

A careful examination of these pages will show that our northern counties have been treated more exhaustively than the southern. The greater pride of the northerner in his mother tongue is, in part, the reason. But, most of all, it will be found that those districts come off best in which a really first-rate local glossary had been already compiled. For example, Dorset, Hampshire, and Berks—the very heart of Hardy's Wessex—are far inferior in wealth of material, as here represented, compared with West Somerset, where the ground had been thoroughly well covered by Mr. F. T. Elworthy's Word-Book. For the same reason, Durham and Herefordshire are not so fully dealt with as the adjoining districts of Northumberland and Shropshire. The scanty material from the home counties is due to the all-absorbing influence of London, which has hopelessly blurred dialect characteristics for a radius of over thirty miles. Scottish helpers, always excellent in quality, were feeble in numbers when the Dictionary was begun, but they rallied splendidly as time went on, and have done full justice to the English spoken north of the border, while the large amount of genuine dialect literature in Scotland has counted for much. Yorkshire is, with characteristic energy, easily ahead of every other English district in wealth of vocabulary and quotations, though Professor Wright might with advantage have omitted such terms used in the woollen trade as are technical rather than local. (Many of them are in use in the West of England cloth factories, where like processes obtain.) A similar criticism may be applied to certain mining terms, words used in the Lancashire cotton mills, etc. The editor has, indeed, erred on the side of inclusion of technical terms and of current colloquialisms and slang. But will he seriously maintain that *barrow* (= a prehistoric tumulus) is a dialect word? Surely, it is a word in general literary use.

These redundancies are trifling slips which, happily, do not take from the wonderful fascination of this Dictionary. The general reader will not appreciate the evidence collected upon disputed points of Germanic philology; but everyone who takes an intelligent pride in his own native dialect will find plenty to interest him. Admirers of Burns, Scott, "Lorna Doone," "Silas Marner," William Barnes, or Edwin Waugh will find thousands of quotations from these and kindred sources. The folk-lorist and antiquary will turn to the description of traditional games, fast-dying or obsolete customs and superstitions, with banshees, boggarts, kelpies, and the whole fairy population; he will see how in Cumberland the midsummer "Beltane fires" of the old British worship lived on side by side with the Norseman's "arval" or funeral feast. The historian of our early periods may find corroboration in language of the successive waves of Saxon and Danish invasion. Thus there are marked Celtic survivals along the Dorset and Westmoreland borderlands where the British made their last fierce stand before falling back upon Cornwall and Wales. (But why has not Professor Wright given a complete record of the Celtic numerals used, till within recent years, by the shepherds "scoring" sheep upon the hills of Lonsdale, Nidderdale, and a few other places?) Again, the Danish settlements of ten centuries ago are still to be recognised by their language as well as by place-names. Saxon "burns" and Danish "becks" still preserve the old race-boundary lines with curious exactness, and villages which speak of "the bairns," while their neighbours say, "t' bairns," tell the same tale. The Scotsman will be reminded of the old foreign policy of his kings, by the many French words in common col-

From a Drawing by Hugh Thomson.

"What, Bill, you chubby rogue," cried he, "do you remember your old friend Burchell?"

(Reproduced from "The Vicar of Wakefield," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

From a Drawing by C. E. Brock.

(Reproduced from "The Vicar of Wakefield," by kind permission of Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co.)

From a Drawing by Chris Hammond.

Croaker: "How do I look now?"—"The Good-Natured Man."

(Reproduced from "The Comedies of Oliver Goldsmith," by kind permission of Mr. George Allen.)

From a Drawing by E. J. Sullivan.

(Reproduced from "Letters from a Citizen of the World," by kind permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

loquial use in Scotland to-day. The student of our earlier literature, the Shakespearian scholar—nay, even the diligent reader of our English Bible—will recognise words and phrases still common along Tyneside or the lonely stretches of Exmoor. The student of human nature, the psychologist of primitive folk, will find a treasury of quaint, racy sayings and homely proverbs, and will not overlook the extraordinary number of dialect words descriptive of hitting, quarrelling, talking, and scolding!

Yet the Dictionary will bring with it, too, a feeling of melancholy regret. For the shadow of death is over it. Twenty years later, says Professor Wright, it would have been too late to compile such a work with anything like its present accuracy, so fast is pure dialect speech dying out all over the country. Professor Blackie said the same thing in Scotland twenty years ago. The speech of the younger people is not that of their parents or grandparents. Each generation is at a different stage of dialect decay; we are gradually getting "educated" into uniformity of speech.

And so for many of us the charm of the English Dialect Dictionary will be, after all, simply and solely that it recalls for us some of the old familiar faces, and the sound of a voice that is still.

"But wold things be a-lost vor new,
An' zome do come, while zome do goo:
As wither'd beech-tree leaves do cling
Among the nesh young buds o' spring;
An' zoo, as time do slowly pass,
So still's a sheäde upon the grass,
Its wid'nèn speäce do slowly shed
A glory roun' the wold vo'k dead."

New Books.

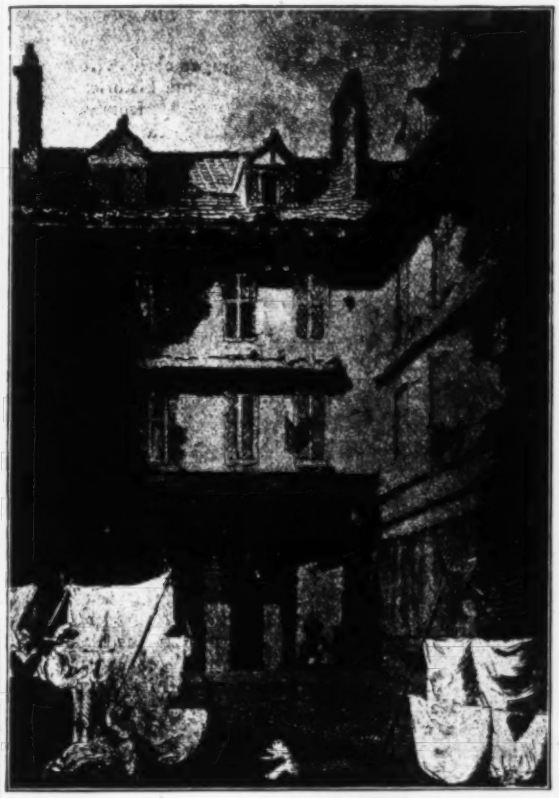
MEMOIRS OF ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.*

It is impossible to suggest either reasons or excuses for the form of this book, and we seem to gather that the plan did not even wholly approve itself to the editor, though he has fulfilled his task with loyalty, zeal and discretion. To appoint a committee of seven persons to write a great man's life is like selecting a committee of artists to paint his portrait; and there is no clearer indication that English people have little conception of art, as applied to biography, than the production of such a book. But, in spite of the inexcusable form, the book is an interesting one and a good one, for the simple reason that Temple was so consistent, so impressive, there was such an essential simplicity and unity about his character, such strength and individuality, that he did not, as many great men do, show different sides of himself to different friends, but shone like the sun in heaven, the same from year to year, always and to all alike.

We rise from the perusal of the book with the feeling that we have been in the presence of a great man. A man of marvellous physique, intense energy, high intellectual ability, and Spartan virtue; a man moreover with that sublime egotism, self-absorption and self-confidence, which has no touch of personal vanity about it, such as is only to be found in great and dominant characters. Such was the egotism of Milton, of Chatham, of Wordsworth, of Mr. Gladstone, not a selfish egotism, but a supreme consciousness of being unquestionably right, and a no less serene consciousness of the error of all opponents. There is no attempt made by such natures to see the other side of a question. They do not even condescend to argument; they state their opinion, and if others are not convinced, so much the worse for them. Such greatness as this does not depend upon other qualities, but is a quality in itself. It is to be found in every rank of life, and when one meets it, one has the sensation of swimming feebly in an irresistible current. It is impossible to reason with such persons, because their minds are made up, and they have no intention of changing them. Such greatness brings with it, as a rule, success, or at all events an entire indifference to failure. These men have no anxious decisions to make; they act upon intuition, and when they have once acted, they never have any misgivings. When this greatness is joined to high intellectual power, such men generally achieve conspicuous success; they have, as a rule, no personal ambition; they merely stride from strength to strength, and are never tormented by any doubts as to their fitness to discharge a task. They are happier if their activities terminate before age comes upon them, for in age they are apt to make great mistakes; they lose the faculty of judgment, without losing energy of action; though it must be added that their mistakes are generally condoned. Temple was a man of this kind; but in addition to his greatness, his rugged strength, his intellectual ability, he possessed an intense moral enthusiasm, and, what was the most striking characteristic of all, an emotional gift, which made him one of the most forcible of evangelists. He was not much affected by the eloquence of others, but his own eloquence habitually moved him to tears. This did not arise from any very deep fund of tenderness, for he kept his affection for a small circle, and was not one of those who depended upon or desired intimate relations with others. His attitude indeed was as a rule that of a good-humoured tolerance of the world at large; he cared more for causes than for persons, and was essentially solitary in disposition, though abundantly genial if he felt so disposed. He was generous and open-handed, entirely indifferent to wealth or pomp—indeed there never was a character so entirely free from all pettiness. He took a liberal view of great questions, and his view was always characterised by lucidity and a kind of divine commonsense. He saw into the heart of a question, and his failures were the result of a lack of sympathy which could not imagine that others were less large-minded, less tolerant, less simple than himself.

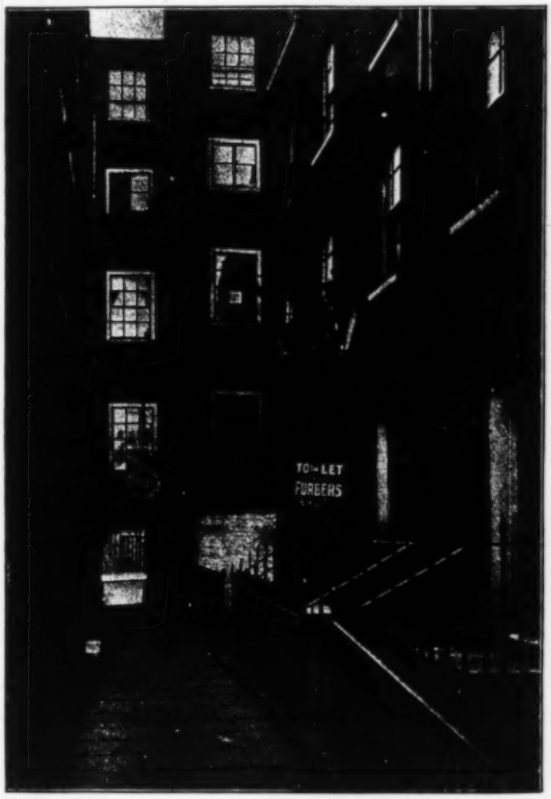
We will take the various sections of the book a little more in detail. The first of the seven contributions, by Canon Wilson, is one of the freshest in the book, and we cannot help wishing that the whole book had fallen to him to write. What is not made clear is how the Archbishop acquired a certain provincialism of speech and demeanour that remained with him all his life; his broad accent, his loud laugh, his lack of what may be called urbanity, are hard to trace. It was like him, when he had once acquired these traits, not to modify them in the smallest particular, but it is not easy to say how he came by them. He sprang from a distinguished stock, and his father, like Mr. Brisk in the "Pilgrim's Progress," was a man of some breeding, and of cosmopolitan experience. His mother, a Cornishwoman, was of an intense, inflexible, rather inarticulate, type. She taught the boy Latin and Euclid, without the least comprehension of either. If he diverged in the smallest detail from the printed page, she said, "Say it precisely as it is here"—touching the book. He was brought up under the pressure of poverty, and in extreme simplicity. At school he went on his way doggedly and good-humouredly. He describes how the boys "ragged" him, desiring to make him swear, "which, of course, I will not do." At Balliol he made many friends by his good-humour, frankness and eagerness. Having been brought up on narrow religious lines, he went into questions for himself, and indulged in free religious speculation. He remained at Balliol after taking his degree, and became a pronounced Liberal; but his main interests were social and educational rather than philosophical; he became an official under the Committee of Council on

* "Memoirs of Archbishop Temple." By Seven Friends. Edited by E. G. Sandford, Archdeacon of Exeter. Two volumes. 36s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

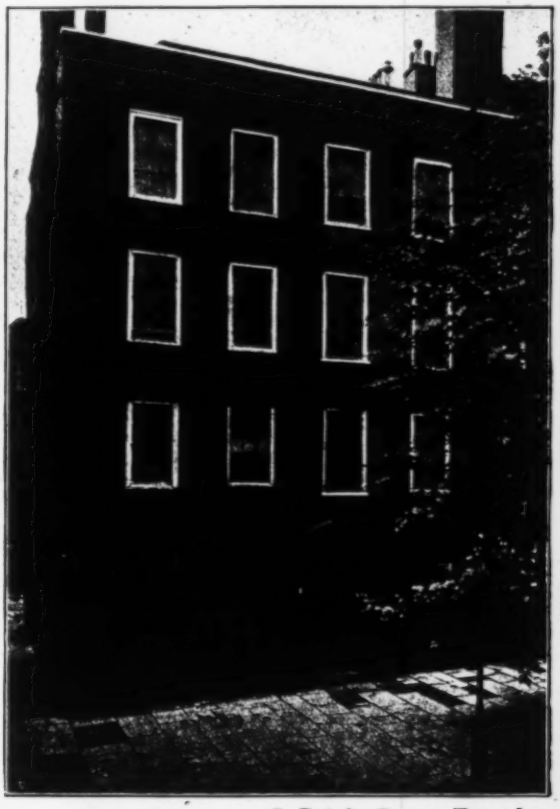


12, Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey.
Where Oliver Goldsmith lodged from 1756-60.

Dolly's Chop House in Paternoster Row.
A favourite resort of Oliver Goldsmith.



Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.
Goldsmith lived here from 1760 to 1762.



2, Brick Court, Temple.
Where Goldsmith died in 1774.

Rischgitz Collection.

Education, and eventually was appointed Principal of an institution called Kneller Hall, near Twickenham, for training masters in Workhouse schools. This was an educational experiment which was not ultimately successful, but his work gave Temple an insight into the conditions of elementary education which stood him afterwards in good stead. The whole section, written by Mr. H. J. Roby, is useful, but not very enlivening.

Then came the Rugby period, the account of which is contributed by Mr. F. E. Kitchener, which is one of the most interesting sections in the book. Here the personality of the man made itself felt. He was not a particularly good teacher, but he was unquestioned master of the whole place. He created an extraordinary kind of enthusiasm among his assistants, who were a very remarkable set of men; here he formed his close friendship with Benson, whom he was to succeed as Primate. He was probably not exactly popular in the school, except among the boys who came to know him personally, but he inspired an intense belief in his justice, sincerity, and straightforwardness. Here fell upon him the only catastrophe of his life, his careless inclusion of a moderate and suggestive discourse in *Essays and Reviews*. It was characteristic of Temple to have taken no trouble to discover what the tendency of the other essays in the volume was to be, but the mistake once made, he faced the storm bravely, and would not abandon his fellow-contributors. His address on the subject to the Rugby masters is a model of temperate manliness and good sense, though, overwrought and strained as he was, he lost his head for once in the singular correspondence with Tait, to the publication of which, in Archbishop Tait's Life, it is hard to see how he can ever have consented. But the belief which he had inspired in the depth and energy of his religious convictions triumphed. He was appointed to the Bishopric of Exeter by Mr. Gladstone, who here showed extraordinary penetration and large-mindedness, and the storm raged with fresh fury. Dr. Pusey, that master of high-minded uncharitableness, protested with all his might. Christopher Wordsworth, a mediæval doctrinaire of noble character, tried to upset the Consecration. And at this crisis we see the essential character of the man in perhaps its most typical mood. He was implored to speak out. There was not the least reason why he should not have done so. Everyone that mattered knew his position and his opinions. But he had made up his mind that a public pronouncement would be disloyal to his friends, and he went through inconceivable agonies from opposition and misrepresentation rather than make known what was an open secret. The mandate to the Chapter to elect him was confirmed by a majority, and Temple took up his work at Exeter in heaviness of heart, and under the worst possible auspices, yet within a short time his triumph was complete.

The history of his sixteen years' episcopate is written by Temple's old friend, the editor of the book, Archdeacon Sandford. Perhaps the chapter which traces the history of the See might have been omitted without detriment, but otherwise the section is full of interest. It was probably the happiest and most vigorous part of Temple's life, and the Diocese twined itself about his heart. When Cornwall was made a separate See, it was a great joy to him to welcome Benson to the post; and it is not an exaggeration to say that from 1877 until Benson's appointment to the Primacy, in 1882, the torch of Anglicanism burnt at its brightest in the West.

Temple never had a very real sympathy with the clergy. He was impatient of their narrow-mindedness, their pettiness, their desire for recognition. His one idea was that a man should work as hard as he could wherever he was placed, without either desiring or fearing responsibility; and indeed it may be frankly said that, whatever his faults were, they were never the faults of clericalism. When Benson was appointed Archbishop, Temple said, "Benson suits the clergy better than I should have done." It was true, but it was not said with whole-hearted satisfaction.

We now come to the second volume, and here, we must confess, the interest of the record diminishes. It is partly that Temple's London Episcopate does not lend itself to a very wide treatment, because his life was swamped in details and drudgery. He was not a man who could delegate work, and he made the natural mistake, with his immense appetite for labour, of doing everything himself, and consequently of leaving much undone. The record becomes a chronicle, and the man himself passes out of sight in a multitude of speeches, problems, and small engagements. Archdeacon Bevan has composed a lucid and accurate historical survey of Temple's outer life, but the man vanishes from our view; he seems merely a sort of remote Atlas, bearing the weight of the heavens on his shoulders.

But this is not all. It is impossible to resist the conviction that the incessant and indomitable labour to which Temple had given himself had dulled and blunted the blade. He had no time, and possibly little inclination, to think and ponder. His confidence in his own judgment did not desert him, and he extemporised hasty opinions without due study, he hammered in his well-worn principles, he lost touch with the movement of thought. He became fanatical where he had been firm, abrupt where he had been decisive. His splendid memory concealed from many that he was not adding to his stores. And yet his work in London was a great one, because he moved through it all, in his rugged strength, like a strong prophet of God, testifying to righteousness. But for all that he ceased to grow. Things seemed as simple and obvious to him as ever, but it was to a great extent because he had lost sight of changing conditions and shifting opinions. He grew careless, he put work aside, he could not bring himself to fill vacancies; he appointed the wrong men. He would not go into complicated situations, but did the work that he himself preferred, rather than what was most vital. Having rioted in work, he could not realise that he was unable to master every detail of his colossal task; and when he failed to appreciate an intricate question, he asserted that he had arrived at all that it was necessary to know. He left a host of complicated problems to his successor, with which he had not really grappled.

Then came his succession to the Primacy; and the period of his Archiepiscopate is merely like a great and glowing sunset. He was, in a sense, too old to take up the vast and complex problem of the Anglican papacy; and yet he was unquestionably the right choice, though he may be said to have hardly had any policy at all. But he had enormous prestige; he was trusted and loved; thousands of people who had no knowledge of the impossible intricacy of the work he was called upon to do, knew that he was a great, majestic, manly figure, invested with the romance which, in England especially, tends to invest one who has grown old in great public services. His Archiepiscopate touched the fancy and touched the heart. His colleagues, and notably the present Archbishop, performed much of the inevitable work which arose from the increasingly Imperial position of the English Church, and effaced themselves; and then came the closing scene, where the old warrior's strength failed him at the Coronation; but what could be more deeply impressive than the scene when the Archbishop, having been assisted to his feet, laid his hand upon the crown on the King's head, and in a voice of deep emotion said, "God bless you, sir; God bless you; God be with you." The King caught his hand and kissed it.

And then the end came, the death of a father in Israel. And here the book, too, should have ended; the personal chapters, interesting though they are, ought to have been interwoven with the fabric of the book; and indeed with all one's gratitude for a fine record, the feeling rises irresistibly in the mind, that now the Archbishop's life should be written. The whole impression is of majestic greatness, but one cannot help feeling that the lines of the portrait have been smoothed out. The Archbishop had obvious faults, which were inalienable from his temperament. He is here represented as a strong, large-hearted, good-humoured man. He was all that; but he was also rough, rude, inconsiderate, impatient. Occasionally the mood creeps in. What could be more unsaintly, more unfatherly, than to say to one of his own clergy, who tried to enter into conversation with him on the underground railway, "At what station do you get out?" The Archbishop was no respecter of persons, which is a fine characteristic, unless it is applied to inferiors; when it is simply unkind. It is true that he would never have resented such treatment himself, but in this he suffered from a lack of imagination, or rather he would have interpreted the old philosophical dictum, that "man was the measure of all things," in the sense that Temple was the measure of all men. It is not ungenerous to realise this side of his character, because his strength largely depended

Dr. Johnson rescuing Oliver Goldsmith from his Landlady.

Seeing the merit of Goldsmith's novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," Johnson went to Newbery, the bookseller, and sold the manuscript for £60, thus releasing Goldsmith from his pecuniary embarrassments.

From the Painting by Frith.

The Vicar of Wakefield.

Rischgitz Collection.

upon it; and to all such troubles and sorrows as came within his range of vision he was unwearyingly kind; though he could not sympathise with what, to use the Duke of Wellington's words, "gentlemen called their feelings."

His whole life indeed provides a noble and inspiring example, though it is perhaps a temptation to those who cannot emulate his strength to imitate his ruggedness. His career was a triumph of personality, not of policy. The Archbishop was not a saint nor an ecclesiastic, he was a liberal-minded and true-hearted man. He was a great force, a spring of clear energy. His views were not profound, because he had no deep knowledge of the human heart; like the Lady of Shalott, he saw things reflected in the mirror of his own mind. He saw men clearly, but not widely. He effected no reconciliation between the world and the Church; his pronouncements were the pronouncements of a strong man, rather than a wise one; but he showed men that religion might be untinged with sentimentality, and that a man of clear, practical insight might care with passionate conviction for the things of the soul. He waved the flag of duty and liberty, and made men ashamed of indolence and weakness. And thus one lays the book down, forgiving him everything, and only thankful that such a man can be found among us, in days of bewilderment and vague impulse, who could plant his feet so firmly on the rugged road, and stride forward to the city of God.

QUALIS ARTIFEX!*

We have not seen Mr. Stephen Phillips's latest play set out upon the boards of His Majesty's Theatre, with all those coruscating and coloured accompaniments which might serve to disguise the poverty or to enhance the splendour of one of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's productions. No remembered strains of Imperial Roman music sound in our ears; our mind's eye is not dazzled by any scenes of gorgeous pageantry. We have not heard Mr. Tree ordering the *menu* of his feast, nor has our terrified hair risen on our heads while Agrippina's maternal apparition stalked, disconsolate and dripping, across the stage. We have not seen Burrus limp or heard Seneca prose. Britannicus has not fallen headlong in our presence, nor has Poppaea's visible beauty enslaved our wayward hearts. In short, we come to our task of review free from all prepossessions or prejudices, and we are prepared to consider "Nero" as a piece of literary workmanship, a piece intended, no doubt, for presentation on the stage, but not to be excused or magnified on that ground.

Thus judged, "Nero," we confess, makes no very strong appeal to us. Nero, as Mr. Phillips describes him to us, is a melancholy decadent, a decadent with a conscience which is often intrusive and always ineffective, but still, to all intents and purposes, a decadent. We have no wish to quarrel with Mr. Phillips about this characterisation. We are ready to admit every article of the indictment that he brings against Nero. Our complaint is that Mr. Phillips has not had the courage of his accusations. His Nero is a feeble, half-baked creature, without distinction of any kind. Nearly all the other persons of the drama are just as decadent as he: Agrippina, Seneca, Burrus, Tigellinus (is not Mr. Phillips afraid of smoking *fixo gutture?*), Poppaea, the Hand-maidens and, above all, the spies. There is, in fact, a dead level of decadence about them all, and they all have a teasing trick of declaiming blank verse which is always disconnected, often prosaic and sometimes ridiculous.

The play opens with a very gentlemanly, quiet murder. The stage directions tell us that "on the right of the stage is a cedarn couch on which Claudius is uneasily sleeping." Then "a meteor strikes across the sky," an Astrologer remarks casually that "These meteors flame the dazzling doom of kings" (this particular meteor, it may be said, went one better than that by flaming the dazzling doom—why dazzling?—of an Emperor), and we are given to understand that Claudius is dead, having been killed by Agrippina with poison provided by Locusta. It was a short stage life and not a merry one—which, by the way, is a blank verse formed after the pattern of some of Mr. Phillips's own efforts. Shortly afterwards we begin to get to business. "Enter Burrus, right. He salutes the corse of Claudius."

BURRUS: Obedient to the trumpet-call I come.
AGRIPPINA: Say, Burrus, quickly say, how stands our cause
With the Praetorians who unmake and make
Emperors?
BURRUS: The Praetorians are staunch,
And they are marching now upon the Palace.
AGRIPPINA: Will they have Nero?
BURRUS: Yes, and double pay.
There is a murmuring minority
Who toss about the name Britannicus.

It sounds almost like a General Election campaign—"Vote for Nero and Double Pay!" or "Vote for Britannicus the Praetorians' Friend, and No British Cheap Labour!" The murmuring minority, however, comes to nothing, like all minorities, whether they murmur or not; and Nero, having been duly lifted to what his mother calls "the windy chair of the world," sees a procession of dead Emperors, and at the end of Act I. is left "gazing."

Five years elapse, Act II. begins, and we soon perceive that the tiger-artist is awake in Nero. He dooms Titus Cassius to death because he slept while Nero was singing. Titus, however, is not to "arrive ridiculous amid the dead." Nero will sing to him as he dies, so that when he arrives amongst the shades, and Orpheus asks, "Hast thou heard Nero sing?" he may not have to answer No. Soon Nero, tiring of his abominable but affectionate mother, dismisses her to exile:

A mother by her own son thrust away,
Cast out—ha, ha!—in my old age, infirm,
To totter and mumble in oblivion.

There is a concentrated sublimity of malice in the "Ha, ha!" which we defy even Mr. Phillips himself to equal.

We must not linger over all the terrors that now ensue; we can but pause to tell (we have dropped into blank verse again, but we simply couldn't help it) how Nero, urged by evil counsel, sent his mother out to sea with heavy lead piled over her in a position in which 'twas bound to fall and crush her flat. It crushed another: Agrippina swam, or, in the glowing words of Stephen Phillips:

But silently thy mother Agrippina
Slid from the ship into the water, and swam
Shoreward. With white and jewelled arms she thrust
Out through the waves, and lay upon the foam.

Unfortunately, however, her natatorial prowess did not avail the gallant old lady, for immediately upon hearing of her escape, Anicetus despatches

a faithful troop
To slay her at her villa o'er the bay,

and the faithful troop does its duty, and brings Act III. to a close with three trumpet-calls announcing the murder. We may mention that she had been extravagant. Even Seneca had been moved to ask:

Is't not enough to bear upon her back
Stripped continents? To clasp about her throat
A civilisation in a sapphire, or
That kingdoms gleam and glow upon her brow?

These were not good actions, and Mr. Phillips craftily fits the quality of his verse to their standard of merit.

Here we must leave Mr. Stephen Phillips and "Nero." Readers who desire to investigate Act IV. may be warned that there is much confusion in it, together with a great deal of fire. If, in spite of this warning, they pursue their investigations, they will light upon the wonderful Fire Brigade lyric (unrhymed) in which Nero, borrowing from the translated libretti of modern Italian operas, celebrates the blaze that consumed ancient Rome. We shall give no further extracts, for we note that Nero, speaking of critics, declares that

With verse upon the stage they cannot cope.

We acknowledge our unworthiness, and apologise to Mr. Phillips for having attempted the impossible.

R. C. LEHMANN.

JOHANNINE GRAMMAR.*

With no undue lapse of time, Dr. Abbott issues the sixth part of his valuable studies in the Gospels, entitled "Diatessarica." It contains a complete and detailed examination of the Syntax of the Fourth Gospel, especially as contrasted with the style of the Synoptists. So elaborate is his "Grammar" that for many passages it becomes rather a commentary, and even while dealing with matters of idiom

* "Nero." By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

* "Johannine Grammar." By Edwin A. Abbott. 16s. 6d net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

and construction, Dr. Abbott's own interest is so keen and apparent that he inspires the reader and carries him pleasantly along. Of the wide reading and scholarship manifest on every page it is needless to speak. One can but rejoice that so mature and exact a scholar should have devoted so much research to an object of universal interest —the elucidation of the Gospels.

Probably the best result of the present volume will be that students will by this inspiring example be enabled to recognise what a grammatical examination of a document means. The searching exactness with which each word is scanned, and the accumulation of material illustrative of its use cannot but act as a stimulus. One of Dr. Abbott's merits is that he has gone to the right sources for his examples, analogies and illustrations; recognising "the Septuagint, the Synoptists, the New Testament as a whole, Epictetus, and the Papyri of 50-150 A.D. as safer guides than writers of the third century, and far safer than those of the fourth." He has depended largely on his own unusually exact reading, but he has not neglected the rich treasures of Stephanus and Wetstein. If one may venture to make any suggestion in this connection, it would be that Plutarch might have been more diligently searched, and especially that modern Greek might have been used as a reflector, throwing light back on the path which the language had followed from the Hellenistic period. At one or two somewhat important points Jannaris' "Historical Greek Grammar" will keep the student right where Dr. Abbott's remarks seem to be misleading.

Precision is the salvation of the grammarian: over-precision his snare. To form a rule by induction from a large number of instances is his virtue; while his vice is to apply this rule rigidly and rigorously without the saving grain of salt which common-sense, applied to the particular instance, throws in. We are not prepared to say that Dr. Abbott has always escaped this snare. But dangerous as a too rigorous application of rules may be in interpreting the New Testament, a still worse danger is slovenliness, and it is needless to say that from this Dr. Abbott is always free.

In Dr. Abbott's grammatical decisions there is a good deal that will not be allowed to pass without question. To gather, from the preposition used, that John did not intend to convey the impression that our Lord walked on the water, not only lacks justification from usage, but is really little short of perverse. His long discussion of the meaning of Thomas's exclamation, "My Lord and my God," does not give us as much light as Gildersleeve's simple statement, "In exclamations, the nominative characterises." Other instances might be cited in which Dr. Abbott seems to have been rather hampered and tripped by the luxuriance of his own learning. But many will judge that the blemish of the book is not to be found in its grammatical dicta, nor in its arrangement, but in the interpretation he puts upon the words of the Gospel, apart from or over and above grammar. He allegorises, and assumes that John allegorises, as viciously as Philo. Thus in the apparently physical "lifting up the eyes" which occurs in the Gospel, he finds "obviously a spiritual act." "Having regard to the Scriptural use of the phrase, to the comments of Philo, and to the metaphorical use of it as a precept by Christ, we are justified in concluding that John attaches a spiritual meaning to the thrice repeated act of our Lord, and that the last (xvii. 1) is regarded as the climax of the three. No outward action, it is true, accompanies the third utterance; but it prepares the way for the sacrifice on the cross." So again, in the seemingly simple words appended to the account of the marriage in Cana, "This He did as the beginning of the signs," Dr. Abbott finds an indication that they were meant "to sum up a typical description of the marriage feast of the Logos or Wisdom of God," and that it was based on the words of Proverbs, "The Lord formed me as the beginning of His ways." Some of us, no doubt, have found too little in the Fourth Gospel, but evidently it is also possible to find too much. And it is rather hard on the Evangelist, who explicitly shows us the spiritual bearing of the miracles of our Lord, to have symbolism and allegory thrust upon his plainest and most matter of fact statements. If a recrudescence of allegorical interpretation is to be the result of modern methods of dealing with the Gospels, this of itself is their sufficient condemnation. But it may seem ungrateful to find any blemish in a book in which no student of the New Testament can fail to find abundant profit.

Marcus Dods.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

Our readers will not need to be reminded that Mr. Greenslet is the author of one of the most masterly of biographical booklets, his miniature biography and critique of Walter Pater. In dealing with Russell Lowell he has achieved a less measure of success, not from any inferiority in his manner of treatment, or comparative deficiency of interest in his theme, but from the absence of that self-revelation on the part of his subject which smooths the biographer's path. Lowell remains an inscrutable personage. The official biographer, with ample elbow-room, stores of correspondence at command, has effected even less than Mr. Greenslet working on so restricted a scale. This is the more curious, as Lowell's life and character appear to present no element of mystery, much less of mystification. Some interesting subjects for biography, such as Byron and Bulwer, perplex by giving themselves the air of problematic characters; others, like Disraeli and Creighton, because they actually are so. But in Lowell there is neither the reality nor the affectation of any abnormality of nature. The doors of the house are thrown open, you are invited to walk in and walk round, you view and inspect everything, and depart with the consciousness that, though you have seen all, you have not seen what you came to see. Even so competent a cicerone as Mr. Gleenslet is of little service, for he cannot show what he does not see himself.

We are disposed to attribute this inscrutability of an apparently transparent character in great measure to the cloud of domestic affliction which darkened Lowell's life. "His was a nature," says Mr. Greenslet, "for all its 'sloping to the southern side,' peculiarly prone to seasons of black melancholy." And with abundant cause. The active period of his life begins with a story of hopeless love. His mother, father, and sister successively became insane. He lost both his first wife and his second, both deeply beloved, and reared only one out of four children. His only support under such accumulated sorrows was the love of literature, and he appears almost exclusively in the undramatic character of a man of letters. Nor was his literary work of a nature favourable to self-revelation. As an author, with one memorable exception, he is either an academic and purely literary poet, or a critic occupied with judging the lives and works of other men. The exception we have noted, the immortal "Biglow Papers," overflows indeed with spirit and human feeling, but the spirit and feeling are not Lowell's, but Hosea Biglow's. Perhaps Biglow was Lowell's mark, but, if so, the apparent gap between the personages is too wide to be filled up by any materials accessible to us. On the whole, notwithstanding the important public positions which Lowell filled, and the influence which he exerted on the controversies of his day, he remains to the general eye what Leslie Stephen found him, "a singularly complete specimen of the literary recluse."

Although, however, Mr. Greenslet is unable to give us more than an exterior view of his hero, he has given a clear, consecutive, and highly interesting narrative of his life. He brings out facts that require to be emphasised, the gradual prevalence of Lowell's perception of the genuine worth of the New England abolitionists and other moral and political reformers over the distaste originally begotten by their eccentricities, and the subsequent slight revulsion on both sides when it was discovered that not even in the cause of abolition could Lowell be a fanatic. He further describes in most interesting fashion Lowell's foundation and early conduct of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a permanent American literary institution; his friendships with Emerson, Holmes, and other men of light and leading; his Spanish legation; and the similar office he discharged in England so greatly to the strengthening of the wholesome tradition, since his time never departed from, that the representative of the United States at the Court of St. James's should be a man of culture.

As a poet, when not writing in dialect, Lowell may be compared with Longfellow, in so far as both provide true and beautiful though not exalted poetry adapted to the

* "James Russell Lowell: His Life and Work." By Ferris Greenslet. 6s. net. (Constable and Co.)

needs of large classes of readers far from devoid of poetical feeling, but whom Poetry in its higher manifestations would fail to attract. Speaking roughly, it may be said that Lowell is the laureate of the upper middle class, as Longfellow of the lower: the former is on the higher plane, but the latter has the larger audience and performs the more important function. Nothing in Lowell's more polished verse, unless perhaps the gracefully familiar and good-naturedly mordant "Fable for Critics," could have prepared his readers for "The Biglow Papers," a most remarkable example of a work exuberant in humour and fun, without a single departure from the canons of good taste. The world has hardly another such instance of political satire at once so vehement and so just, so scathing and yet so good-tempered. It is unquestionably the most precious ingredient in Lowell's repute, and the surest pledge of its perpetuity. As a critic, too, Lowell's character stands high. Some of the best modern critics, such as Arnold and Patmore, convey the impression that they are chiefly interested in the writer they are discussing as a medium for conveying notions and theories of their own. Lowell's devotion to his author is loyal and wholehearted; he never makes a stalking-horse of the dead; and his criticism, if less subtle than that of his rivals, is frequently more informing. Richard Garnett.

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

The rapidity with which we have been provided with a detailed and expert history of England from 55 B.C. to 1377 A.D. in three large volumes (averaging 500 pages in length), written by such authorities as Dr. Hodgkin, Prof. Adams, and Prof. Tout, and the early promise of three more such volumes from the pens of Prof. Oman, Mr. H. L. Fisher, and Prof. Pollard, carrying the history from 1377 to 1603, goes some way to combat a certain prejudice which will probably be felt by many against composite and co-operative books of this kind. You do not expect to find personality or imagination in a Dictionary or an Index to which the co-operative method is perfectly appropriate. But a history which lacks these qualities of personality and imagination is quite certain to be history unread—a kind of history which is not likely specially to interest readers of The Bookman. In the first place, however, it must be said that a sufficiently free hand is allowed to the various contributors of this series to admit of a large amount of individuality in the treatment. In the second place, these books are, to a very large extent, reference books; and for this purpose their unity in place of the diversity of Green, Miss Norgate, Ramsay, Round, and the other authorities is a strong recommendation. In the third place, the weight carried by such a corporation of authorities as we have here cannot fail greatly to influence teachers, while the balance of credit enjoyed by the group or series as a whole supplies a guarantee of historical good faith which no single name at the present day can safely be said to carry.

One of the chief merits thus predicated for the new series is uniformity. We may well begin accordingly by scanning the general structure and *tenu* of the volumes before us with a critical eye. That very important element in any reference book fit for the study—a detailed Table of Contents, or clavis—is most admirably done in all these volumes. The footnotes are in our estimation rather too scarce (Mr. Hunt in Vol. X. indulges in more than his predecessors of Vols. I.-III.) and unsystematic, but this deficiency is repaired to a large extent by the excellent Bibliographical Appendix "On Authorities" attached to each volume. Each volume has, moreover, genealogical or other tables (useful tables of Ministries, for instance, in Vol. X), two maps, and a full index. The headline is varied on the recto of each page, and inside the headline is inserted the date. There are no lines or rubrics, with the exception of the chapter number. The insertion of marginal or paragraph headings would, in our opinion, have been of considerable advantage, not only as a guide for reference, but also as breaking the monotony of these solid chapters and long paragraphs. Dr. Hodgkin seems to have felt the need of breaking up the page and giving it a little more variety, for he has frequently interposed a line space, but this device is peculiar to his volume in the series.

The appearance in rapid succession of Vols. I.-III. enables us to form a pretty clear idea of the nature and scope of the entire work. And, in the first place, it is evident that the two active and highly competent historians, Mr. William Hunt and Mr. Reginald Lane Poole, who have accepted the responsibility of the series as a whole, have resolved that the post is to be no sinecure, the editorship no nominal one. The general arrangement of these volumes, the selection of maps, the balance of political and social or constitutional detail, among many other points, suggest careful editorial planning and arrangement. The conventional introductory chapter recapitulating the past and distinguishing the salient features of the period under survey is entirely absent. Slight changes in style may be noticed as we pass from Saxon to Norman, from Norman to Plantagenet; but the narrative is strictly continuous, and the far-sought accuracy of detail may, no doubt, in some measure be credited to the careful supervision of the general editors.

It is doubtful whether the foundation-stone of a series like the present could have been so well and truly laid by any other living person as by the veteran historian selected—the author of what is probably the finest piece of work by any living English historian, "Italy and Her Invaders." And there are some pages in the present volume fully equal to any of those describing the career of Theodoric—note particularly the admirably written exordium, the episodes of Bede, Dunstan, and Harold, and the clear yet picturesque account of the early supremacy of Northumbria and its rapid decline. For those who like the crabbed element in erudition, the excursus on Anglo-Saxon money will probably satisfy every requirement. As to the epilogue with its remarks upon the racial degeneracy of the Anglo-Saxons, we cannot but feel dubious. In his chapter on prehistoric and Roman Britain there can be no doubt that Dr. Hodgkin is, as might be anticipated, wholly excellent. As to the modern authorities for Roman Britain, after citing Mommsen, Hübner, and Mr. Haverfield's invaluable chapters in the "Victoria County History," to which he might have added those in "Social England," Dr. Hodgkin expresses a hope, which will find a general echo, to the effect that Mr. Haverfield will some day combine his researches into a great work on "Britannia Romana." We do not feel an equal certainty as to the acceptance by the authors of the "Excidium Britanniæ" commonly ascribed to Gildas as a primary authority. The description of the Picts as *transmarini* (to mention no other) is a difficulty which, to our mind, is very imperfectly met by the suggestion that the Picts were ferried across the Solway Firth. The recent theories by Anscombe and Wade-Evans (in the *Celtic Review* and elsewhere) on this subject perhaps deserve a more critical attention than has yet been bestowed upon them.

The second volume of the Political History, treating of events from 1066 to 1216, and thus covering periods already occupied in recent years by the monographs of Freeman, Miss Norgate, and Sir James Ramsay, is more lacking in individuality than Vol. I. Another slight discrepancy, not to be recommended, is that the titles of the chapters, for some reason or other, are not repeated in the "Contents." There is little theorising in the volume, and the admixture of social history is smaller than in the case of its companions; as a piece of narrative political history, however, upon safe and uncontested lines it is an excellent piece of work. The characterisation of kings and leaders is attempted with a chastened moderation too often absent from these performances, and rash generalisations, such as that "a long sweep about a hostile city was favourite strategy" of the Conqueror's, are fortunately rare.

Mr. Tout has written the third volume, dealing with the period from the accession of Henry III. to the death of Edward III., with all the accuracy and learning which his previous writings have led us to expect of him. In this volume he has, to our mind, especially distinguished himself by his treatment of the rule of our Angevin Kings in Gascony; a subject which has received as yet but little attention from English historians. Gascony has been too often spoken of as if it were a vast territory under the direct domination of the English Crown. In reality, large portions

* "The Political History of England." In twelve vols. Ed. Hunt and Poole. Vols. I., II., and III. 7s. 6d. net per vol. (Longmans.)

"A History of England." In six vols. Ed. Oman. Vol. II. 10s. 6d. net per vol. (Methuen.)

of it were held by nobles who acknowledged the Angevin dukes as their feudal superiors in the same degree only as the dukes themselves acknowledged the supremacy of the Kings of France. Mr. Tout's profound knowledge of the geography and institutions of Gascony and the adjoining countries has enabled him to write a remarkably clear and succinct account of a difficult period of history. It is to be regretted, however, that he has not touched upon the linguistic side of Gascon politics. The great difference between the languages of the south and the north, the Languedoc and the Languedoil, was undoubtedly one of the chief obstacles to the political union of France in the Middle Ages. In Gascony itself the difference between the various dialects of the Languedoc must have favoured the domination of the alien house of Anjou, and at the same time have rendered the task of government exceedingly difficult. Mr. Tout's Appendix of Authorities is exceptionally full and interesting, even though it is not motived quite so weightily as that in Vol. I. He has succeeded in extorting three in place of the usual two maps out of his editors, and all of these are out of the common, one of Wales and the March in 1290, another of the Scottish Border in 1330, and a third of France in 1340.

Simultaneously almost with the two volumes by Professors Adams and Tout in the twelve-volume "Political History" has appeared a volume of the rival "History of England" in six volumes, under the general editorship of Professor Oman. This volume, styled "England under the Normans and Angevins" (1066-1272), is by Mr. H. W. C. Davis, a Fellow of Balliol, who endeavours in 570 pages to cover a good deal more ground than Messrs. Adams and Tout manage between them in 620. That is to say, that, in common with other volumes of this series (including the exceptionally brilliant "England under the Stuarts," by G. M. Trevelyan), he deals far more comprehensively with the subject from an institutional, social, and literary point of view. For this purpose he has need to be an exceptionally rapid writer, and it must be admitted that his book is more animating than its political rivals, and has many exceptional and brilliant qualities. Its format, too, is in many respects more attractive. It is much lighter in avoirdupois. It has eleven maps, besides tables and appendices (eight); and it has useful sideheads, though its catalogue raisonné of contents is rather inferior. It also has an excellent index. We have read it with the greatest pleasure, for it is essentially readable, though in carefully thought out proportion and in accuracy of finish, in continuity and narrative sequence, it may not come quite up to the volumes with which we have dealt previously in this article.

Mr. Davis has not been fortunate over the revision of his proof-sheets. On one page the Conqueror's Chaplain is called William of Poitou, on another William of Poitiers, and in the Index he is described by the latter name, but the pages are not correctly stated. These are small errors, but others of the same sort occur too frequently. The place of session of the Exchequer in early times is of some little interest as indicating the relative importance of London and Winchester; yet Mr. Davis states in one chapter that its headquarters were at Winchester till the death of Henry II., and in another that from the commencement of the same reign it was more often to be found at Westminster than in any other place. He also tells us that Richard commissioned for his own use a ship called the *Esnecca*, whereas Esnecca is not the name of a ship, but a particular kind of one. To those who happen to know the word, the mistake seems grotesque; yet one of our most distinguished archivists, confusing the words *snecca* and Suecca, spoke of a payment to the King of Sweden instead of a payment for the King's ship. The bibliography, which is the least satisfactory part of the book, well illustrates its defects. It contains a long list of works of reference, not very carefully arranged and not always well selected. There is no special section dealing with ecclesiastical matters; and the architectural books are neither the best nor the most recent. Though the Christian names of authors are of the greatest utility in searching for their works in catalogues, Mr. Davis too often gives their surnames only. His notes, indicating the value and scope of the works used in his History, occur with some frequency at the beginning, become gradually scarcer, and almost disappear at the end of the bibliography. These are unmistakable signs that the volume has been passed through the press with undue rapidity. Nearly all these and similar slips could have been avoided had the author received further assistance in the revision of proof-sheets; but the fact is that the book, excellent in many respects, is too ambitiously comprehensive, and contains far too much detailed information for any author under the rank of a Mommsen to rely upon his own unaided vigilance in seeing through the press; and we should judge the editorial supervision to be far less searching in its operation in this series than in the concurrent "Political History." The diametrically opposed views entertained by Messrs. Tout and Davis as to the character of Edward I. are extremely interesting and instructive. Mr. Tout holds that the English Justinian was hot and impulsive in disposition, easily persuaded that his cause was right, and with a full share of the pride of caste. Although he never got over his deeply rooted habit of keeping the letter of his promise while violating its spirit, few medieval kings had a higher ideal of justice or a more strict regard to their plighted word. A true sympathy bound him closely to nobles and people. He was, in brief, a hard-working, clear-headed, and justly-intentioned king. Now just mark Mr. Davis's very much lower estimate. "Edward was a man of smaller mould, who in Montfort's place would never have established Montfort's reputation. As Prince and King the younger man showed the craft of an attorney; he was seldom generous and often less than just; he fell so far short of his rival's sympathy for popular aspirations that he treated nations like the live-stock of a farm or villeins of a manor; he meted out reforms ungraciously, inadequately, and always at a price. He succeeded because he knew his own limitations and the prejudices of his world; he pursued his ends by well-worn roads; and came nearer to attainment because he was content with less." There is a strong touch of old school rhetoric about all these delineations of character in medieval personages, but they serve to lighten a book, and we can still read them gravely, though not without a certain lurking amusement.

Mr. Hunt's volume on George III.'s reign is full worthy of comparison with those already described; it is indeed a wonderfully condensed and specialised performance; but we must leave a more specific notice for a future review. The "Political History" will be completed in twelve volumes, containing in all about 6,000 pages, and covering 1,900 years. Lingard ranged over some 1,700 years in, roughly speaking, three and a half thousand pages.

Thomas Seccombe.
G. I. Turner.

HENRY SIDGWICK.*

The goodness of a biography depends partly on the subject of it and partly on the writer. The writers of this Memoir have done their part perfectly. Utterly effacing themselves, they have brought Henry Sidgwick into direct relation with the reader through his letters and other documents. The narrative supplying the indispensable thread of connection is throughout given with the utmost brevity and lucidity.

Sidgwick's life was outwardly uneventful. But he was one of those rare men who, even in ordinary life, are constantly interesting. His letters and talk continually overflowed with good things in a natural and effortless way. Hence, this Memoir does not contain a single dull page. It is replete with wit and wisdom from beginning to end. And yet there are not any intellectual fireworks—any artificial brilliancies. Sidgwick's letters are throughout the spontaneous expression of his own unique personality, at once profound and playful, gentle and incisive. His matchless critical faculty is uniformly directed not merely to destructive purposes, but to sifting out what is good and valuable from what is not. Childlike candour and simplicity of character, together with a sort of youthful eagerness and readiness to be interested, are combined in him with intellectual depth and subtlety.

Sidgwick is of course in the first place a philosopher, and the book will therefore have a special attraction for students of philosophy. But there is hardly anything even in what expressly relates to philosophy which will fail to interest the general reader as well as specialists. Most of the book,

* "Henry Sidgwick." A Memoir by A. S. and F. M. S. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

however, bears directly on other matters, such as literature, psychical research, and education.

Sidgwick's intellectual history as revealed in these letters has a pervading unity and continuity. It is the story of one who, starting with religious faith grounded on faith in the moral ideal, sought to find clear and cogent logical justification for beliefs so important to mankind. The development through which he passed in this search after truth has the absorbing interest of a drama. If in the end he failed to find just what he sought, at least he retained that "faith in the ideal" with which he began.

The book is delightful, and ought to be read by all who care in any way for philosophy, literature, education, or religion.

G. F. Stout.

THE GERMAN OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

Pending the issue of the War Office of the official work on the Boer War, the account prepared in the Historical Section of the Prussian Headquarter Staff will serve to give the ordinary reader or military student a good general knowledge of the campaign, the best indeed which has as yet been produced. The second volume, which has just been translated by Lieut.-Colonel Hubert du Cane, who must be congratulated on the careful way in which he has done his work, maintains the same high standard as the volume already published. It deals with the movements of Lord Roberts' force from Cronje's surrender to the occupation of Pretoria, and with the various operations in the Free State to the north-west and south-west of Pretoria, and the advance towards Koomati Poort, which formed part of the measures necessary for the security of our position in the Transvaal capital, and of the lines of communication back to Cape Colony, on which we depended for the supply of our troops.

In the Natal theatre of war the book describes the situation after the Battle of Colenso, and the various attempts to relieve Ladysmith, culminating in the fourth, which released the town from the Boer investment.

The book concludes with a general review of English tactical methods.

It is written in a thoroughly impartial spirit, and the criticism is free from bias. Here and there we may be inclined to differ in small details from the deductions made, and perhaps even to think that the German view of German perfection is somewhat open to doubt; but on the whole the book is to be commended for sound thought, while full justice is certainly done to the fighting capacity of British soldiers.

The first point that strikes the student familiar with European history, when reading an account of the South African struggle, is the long pauses which took place between the various phases of the war. After Paardeberg, a week elapsed before the army was able to go on again. This gave the Boers time to assemble fresh forces and occupy the important position of Poplar Grove. Two days' halt took place after the fight here before the British could advance against the Boers at Driefontein, and when Bloemfontein was captured a halt of six weeks was necessary before the army could move onwards to Pretoria.

The German account, quoting Clausewitz, says: "A pause in military operations is, strictly speaking, contradictory to the nature of the case, because both armies, like two hostile elements, must continue to destroy one another without ceasing; and military operations should, therefore, be continued just as clockwork which has been wound up and goes until it runs down. Yet savage as is the nature of war, it is nevertheless chained by human weaknesses." There was more than human weakness at work to account for the spasmodic nature of the British advance. Rapidity was rendered impossible by the nature of the theatre of operations. No railway was available by the road chosen for the advance on Bloemfontein, the march took place during the hottest period of the year, rain made the country difficult, practically all the food required for the horses had to be carried, and absolutely all that was required for the men. In addition to this, the horses were mostly brought from a cool to a hot climate, and could not stand the change. Moreover, it seems certain that the want of knowledge among the men of proper horse management increased the difficulties. Rapidity of movement depended on the horses and transport animals, and these broke down. The consequence was the successive pauses, while the failure of the horses prevented pursuit. Always after an action, and very often before it was finished, the mounted troops were reduced to a snail's pace, and the consequence was the Boers rode off on their acclimatised ponies and never felt the proper consequences of defeat.

It seems a pity that no effort was made when the war was imminent to acquire by purchase, or even commandeering, a reserve of Cape horses, and there is little doubt that the Basutos would have been willing to sell a considerable number of their ponies, which would have proved invaluable for the mounted infantry.

Pauses in the prosecution of the war were unfortunately inevitable, and the experience of the Russo-Japanese War shows that in uncivilised countries destitute of real roads they can never be avoided. The periods of apparent inactivity on the part of the Japanese after every success were due to their absolute dependence on the railway and to the need of repairing this before adequate supplies could be collected at the front.

The operations at Poplar Grove are subject to some adverse criticism, and it is justly pointed out that it was a mistake moving the Cavalry Division by a fairly long night march immediately preceding the fight. The result was it was quite incapable of rapid movement on the day of battle, and a favourable opportunity was thus lost for decisive action. But the weak side of an ill-trained Militia force was clearly shown by the Boers on this occasion. The British never really came to close quarters with them, and yet they fled in an unreasoning panic, notwithstanding the efforts of their leaders and President Kruger, who came up as the left flank began to yield.

Once more the Boers made a stand at Driefontein, and here on March 10th the left of the three columns into which Lord Roberts had divided his army came into collision with them. The troops engaged consisted of the 6th Division, the 1st Cavalry Brigade, and Alderson's Mounted Infantry, the whole under the command of General French. The troops which actually took part in the fight numbered some 3,000, and they were opposed by 2,000 Boers. The incidents of this action are well described in the German account, and British methods of infantry attack receive due praise. Contrasting the handling of the troops here with what occurred at Paardeberg, it states that at the latter fight they "were isolated and scattered," whereas at Driefontein they were put into action "uniformly and simultaneously against the front and flank of the enemy." At Paardeberg all units were simultaneously extended in the firing line, and there was no depth of formation; on the other hand, "the firing line at Driefontein was reinforced gradually, and was at first only strong enough to keep up a powerful fire, while a strong reserve was retained in the hands of the officer in command." . . . . "Except Elandslaagte, Driefontein was, indeed, really the first action of the campaign in which the British, appreciating correctly the importance of fire as the one decisive factor in the modern battle, fought with a definite plan, and with a determination to acquire the superiority in fire.

"The artillery likewise intervened in a very effective manner in the infantry fight, and the co-operation of the two arms towards acquiring the mastery in fire was a model of how this should be attained."

Dealing with the operations on the Natal side, the German account criticises with some severity the operations for the relief of Ladysmith. The first effort after Colenso was intended to turn the Boer right flank, and culminated in the fight at Thaba Myama on January 10th. It is pointed out that, with a view to diverting the Boers from the main or outflanking attack in the neighbourhood of Acton Homes, a false attack was to be delivered from Potgieters and Skiets Drifts. Thus "General Buller divided his troops into two portions of unequal strength, and placed the stronger, to which was entrusted the execution of the principal task, under the command of his subordinate, Warren, while he contented himself with the *rôle* of spectator." On January 17th, 1900, there is little doubt that General Warren, who conducted the main

* "The War in S. Africa." German Official Account. Translated by Lt.-Col. H. du Cane. Vol. II. 15s. net. (Murray.)

or outflanking attack, might have occupied "the commanding heights north-east" of the pontoon bridge at Trichardt's Farm, by which he had crossed, while "Spion Kop itself was at this moment quite weakly held." But "the bulk of the mounted troops was still on the right bank" of the Tugela, while "the patrols which had already crossed had gained no insight into the situation of the Boers." The consequence was, General Warren "did not risk even one attempt to seize by a rapid dash the mountain, of which possession was as indispensable to him for the security of the passage of the Tugela as it was for his advance on Ladysmith."

General Buller seems to have doubted whether the operations were going as he wished, but "failed to grasp that success was principally to be attained by rapidity of action, no matter where or in what form it might be taken." Criticism of the actual fight shows that the Boers had a well-protected position, in which "every rifle could be used in the front line" . . . . while "distances had been measured to specially prominent points on the foreground, and the moment that the British approached any of these points a more violent and more effective fire was poured into them." The consequence was that their originally weak firing line was brought to a standstill. Moreover, "the ground in front did not furnish the necessary space for the effective use of many rifles." Hence "the reinforcements pushed forward from the rear gradually formed a dense crowd, from all the rifles in which it was impossible to obtain combined and sustained fire effect, but, worse still, in which each man embarrassed his neighbour in the proper use of his rifle." "So it was that while plenty of troops were standing huddled together, useless and idle, the firing line was only able with difficulty to hold its own in face of the always superior and concentrated fire of the Boers."

The operations continued until the concluding phase at Spion Kop on January 24th. The criticism on this portion of the operations seems particularly good. Our troops had captured a commanding position, they held it during the day under most trying conditions, and then, when judicious reinforcement would have opened the road to Ladysmith, the ground so hardly won and so bravely held was abandoned. Now the Boers themselves were very downhearted and inclined to retire from the struggle. "Hope of victory was very faint. The sun sank, and a quarter of an hour later it was dark. Firing ceased, and the Boers, in spite of their orders to remain on the plateau, sneaked away to refresh themselves in the laager." At this moment a vigorous advance with fresh troops would have decided the day. "The idea of deliverance from an insupportable situation by a night attack suggested itself; troops kept in hand for such a purpose were quite handy and fresh; the Boers' dread of night fighting was well known; but nobody appears to have felt the energy within himself to carry out the idea." The opportunity was lost, and the progress made was thrown away because there was no proper relationship between the British leaders, and thus spasmodic and independent actions took the place of properly ordered movements.

The chapter headed "Tactical Retrospect" deals chiefly with matters now quite familiar to us. The dispersion of the Boer guns, and hence the difficulty of locating them, the skilful use of the ground by Boer riflemen, and their good shooting are known and acknowledged. But, as is well pointed out, there was no methodical method of fighting. The power of rapid movement compensated for the want of depth of formation, but the whole force, being in front line, was peculiarly sensitive to flank attack, while the purely defensive character of the Boer fighting prevented any advantage being taken of success.

So far as the British were concerned, there was an undue belief in the value of the preparatory artillery attack, which was comparatively harmless against the entrenched Boers. The formations used by the infantry in dispersed order at a great distance from the enemy were "awkward and inelastic." Flank attacks were not sufficiently supported by front attacks, and hence crushing defeats were never inflicted.

No doubt this criticism is to a great extent true, as also the suggestion that the British Army was not well trained for war. Yet many who have watched the German Army at manœuvre or in China feel some doubt as to whether their infantry are not too much inclined to adhere to old methods which would lead to great and unnecessary loss of life even if eventually crowned with success. One thing is certain: it would be a mistake to found European tactics on South African experience. The conditions are so different that to attempt to deal with highly trained regular armies by methods which were successful against the Boers would in all probability lead to disaster. Walter H. James.

THE HEART OF A GARDEN.*

Mrs. Marriott Watson has a fine garden. She likes it. She can write, too, as everyone knows who has read her "After Sunset" poems. It was, therefore, to be expected that she would write a good book when, following the way of all flesh, she wrote a garden book. And, undoubtedly, her "Heart of a Garden," the work of a garden lover who is also a writer of much skill and sentiment, is a good deal better than the ordinary book about a garden. Her publisher, anxious lest her readers should make any mistake about her merit, has printed two sentences of criticism on the paper wrapper of the book, which we must quote, since not only are they an interesting effort, but they express very well what will, we are sure, be the general verdict. "This description of an English garden," we are told, "consists of a brilliant series of word pictures, each suited to the varying season, and interspersed with bursts of delightful song. Mrs. Marriott Watson's qualifications for her task are life-long experience of gardening and garden-lore, a rich vein of quaint fancies, keen powers of observation, and a rapid but sure touch in the describing of her treasures." Having thus made any charge of unfairness against us impossible, we make haste to say that this criticism seems to us inadequate. Mrs. Watson is not an ordinary writer who is to be praised for an occasional fancy, a few quotations, and a fairly strict obedience to the rules of grammar. She aims high, and we think she fails. She gives many proofs of observation, of reflection, of enjoyment, which will certainly often please. But we notice everywhere a diffuseness, an easy acquiescence in the second-rate phrase or even in the phrase which merely does not conceal her thought, and a graceful but too facile falling in with the ordinary garden sentiment; and these faults spoil the book; at least, they keep it down in the large class of garden books, where there is no room for large and genuine emotion on the one hand, or for thorough self-consciousness and self-criticism on the other. We do not blame her for not saying "it rains" when another writer would have said "it rains"; that is not according to her nature: but for being content with almost anything except "it rains." Phrases like these abound:—"Surely never before sped any springtide away on such swift sandals as this": "The blackbird flings us forth scanty alms of song from his fastness among the thick leafage." The best thing in the book, we believe, is this, also of the blackbird:—

> "His is the true *voix d'or*, and he would seem to flute from some haunted palace of the past—one can almost see its golden domes and milk-white minarets, high beyond its thick, embowering forest of ancient trees."

And even that is a mere hint of the something very fine which it should have been. The photographs are almost as good as any we have seen, yet we think that none save the ardent photographer will consider them good as pictures, while "flowers of every colour" is ludicrously inaccurate as a title for any photograph. Edward Thomas.

TWO STUDIES OF CHILDHOOD.†

These two books have this much in common, that they are both about children, and are so written that they appeal to younger and adult readers with an equal charm, though the stories are as widely unlike each other as any two stories could be. "Dearlove," a dainty, joyous, bewitching little tyrant, lives petted, humoured and adored by her aunt and uncle, her grandfather and her widowed mother in a gracious, aristocratic environment, and with all that is

* "The Heart of a Garden." By Rosamund Marriott Watson. 7s. 6d. net. (Alexander Moring.)

† "Dearlove." By Frances Campbell. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"Rebecca Mary." By Annie Hamilton Donnell. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

needful to childhood's happiness ready to her hand. "Rebecca Mary," on the contrary, is a lonely, subdued, undemonstrative little creature, orphaned and living with a spinster aunt more crabbedly reticent even than herself, a kindly, harsh-seeming woman who yearns to love her wistful, shyly affectionate little niece and to be loved by her, but is one of those who are so framed that "they'd rather do a week's washing" than have to say "anything anyways tenderish." The gradual breaking down of the barriers between these two, so really attached to each other and yet so similar in disposition that each is ashamed to be weak enough to reveal her heart, is related with a quaintly poignant pathos and a wry, spontaneous humour that are irresistible. When Rebecca Mary revolts and declares that she will sew no more sheets, her aunt says she shall have nothing to eat until she does; and thereafter they both go without their meals and try to starve one another into giving way, for the grim old aunt cannot bring herself to take food whilst the child goes hungry; on her part, Rebecca Mary has for three years been working secretly on a vast and gorgeous quilt which she wants to present to her aunt on her birthday, because once her aunt gave her the big, white rooster Thomas Jefferson, who serves as her only plaything and companion. Their characters are drawn with an exquisite sympathy and insight, as too are those of the good clergyman and his wife who are so largely and unostentatiously responsible for their final happiness. In her different way "Dearlove" holds you with as strong a fascination; she is bewilderingly imaginative, full of dainty and fantastic fancies, and delights to live in a world of make-believe. She is one of the most whimsical and entertaining children in modern literature, and in the background of her own bright life are the sadness and sweetness of her mother's, and the romantically strange disappearance of an uncle, that is followed, at length, by interesting and beautifully pathetic developments. The book has a strong original note, and the writing maintains a high level of literary excellence throughout.

A. St. John Adcock.

THACKERAY—AND OTHERS.*

The legend on the back of this volume runs: "W. M. Thackeray: The New Sketch Book. Edited by Robert S. Garnett," and neither there nor on the title-page is given any indication that the collection of papers is only *believed* by the editor to have been written by the great novelist. Not until one reads the admirable introduction is it realised that the articles appeared anonymously in "The Foreign Quarterly Review" between 1842 and 1844, and, so far as Mr. Garnett is aware, the authorship is proved only by the all too often misleading suggestions of "internal evidence." The "find," however, has been accepted as genuine—so far as most of the papers are concerned—by such weighty critics as Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Walter Jerrold, Mr. William Archer, and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe.

I am fortunate enough to be in a position now to bring forward some important evidence bearing upon the authorship of the papers in question, obtained by following up a clue suggesting itself to me by a few lines in the late Rev. Whitwell Elwin's interesting account of "Thackeray in Search of a Profession" ("The Monthly Review," October, 1904). "In his review, in 1843, of the rabid political verses by the German Herwegh, whose panacea for social evils was the extermination by civil war of rulers and clergy, Thackeray, in ridicule of his savage rant, said that twenty years earlier some young philosophers might possibly in part have applauded his doctrines at a Union debate. Arthur Pendennis was one of these precocious philanthropists." Appended to this was a footnote referring to the Herwegh paper: "In 'The Foreign Quarterly Review,' April, 1843." At the time I thought nothing of this, though I looked at the Herwegh paper; but it recurred to me some time after the publication of "The New Sketch Book." The reference to this periodical struck me for the first time as curious, since it was not then generally known that Thackeray contributed to this long-forgotten quarterly. It occurred to me, belatedly enough, that he who wrote the footnote might probably have some further knowledge on the subject of Thackeray's connection with this "Review." I wrote to Mr. John Murray (to whom I here express my thanks) to ask if he could tell me whether the note was in the original manuscript of the late editor of "The Quarterly Review," or whether it had been added by another hand. It transpires that it was inserted by the author's son, who has supplied further information, of which, by his courtesy, I am permitted to make use.

Mr. Elwin found among his father's Thackeray memoranda—it is an open secret that the late Rev. Whitwell Elwin intended to write the life of Thackeray—the following:

"List of Thackeray's articles in 'Foreign Quarterly Review':—July 1842. The German in England; Oct. 1842. Travelling Romancers. M. Dumas on the Rhine; April 1843. Georg Herwegh's Poems.—Vol. 31; April 1843. Les Mystères de Paris. By Eugène Sue. 6 vols. Paris. 1843.—Vol. 31; Oct. 1843. Death and Dying in France.—Vol. 32; Oct. 1843. French Romancers on England. Le Bananier, par Frédéric Soulie.—Vol. 32; Jan. 1844. New Accounts of Paris.—Vol. 32.—Mainly a review of 'Lettres Parisiennes, par Emile de Girardin.' I take this article to be Thackeray's from internal evidence. At the close he briefly notices 'Paris and its People. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons."' In 'Fraser's Magazine' for Dec. 1843, he has a separate article entirely devoted to Grant's book."

The above has been copied verbatim by Mr. Elwin, who thinks that from the last note his father had more authority than "internal evidence" for attributing the rest of the list positively to Thackeray. "John Forster edited 'The Foreign Quarterly Review' at this time, and my father may have known from him that Thackeray contributed to it," Mr. Elwin remarks. "But all Forster's papers passed through my father's hands as literary executor, and I do not doubt that the list was derived from them in some way, and that it is authoritative as far as it goes. It does not follow that it is complete, but my father searched 'The Foreign Quarterly Review' for that period, and I have no doubt it includes all he thought to be Thackeray's."

For these papers additional evidence can be produced. To take two or three at haphazard. Compare the review of "Paris and its People," in "The New Sketch Book," with the acknowledged paper on the same book in "Fraser's Magazine," "Grant in Paris," which appeared a month earlier (December, 1843). Each article is scathing, though in the latter the critic used all his power of invective upon Grant, who was one of the favourite butts in "Punch." In each there is mention of the fact that Grant was unacquainted with the French language; in each are pointed out the same two blunders, Palais Royale and Chautebriand; in each are references to Grant's statements that the most elegant ladies of the land sit alongside of dirty drivers in hack-cabriolets, and that the gentry of Paris are in the habit of dining at thirty-*sous* eating-houses, which eating-houses provide a meal that the traveller regards as luxury! It is surely unnecessary to make further analysis.

Next take the review of "Les Mystères de Paris," and read it, remembering what Thackeray in a little-known letter said of the works of this author:

"Eugène Sue has written a very great number of novels—beginning with maritime novels in the *Satanic* style, so to speak—full of crime and murder of every description. He met in his early work with no very great success. He gave up the indecencies of language, and astonished the world with 'Mattilde' three years since, which had the singular quality among French novels of containing no improprieties of expression. In my mind it is one of the most immoral books in the world. 'The Mysteries of Paris' followed, with still greater success, and the same extreme cleverness of construction, and the same sham virtue. . . ."

And who but the author of "Catherine" could have written this passage anent one of the characters in that remarkable novel:

"This sum of money the young woman spent very carelessly, and having given away her last fifty francs to a poor woman in distress (who was afterwards murdered by her husband), the goualeuse had no other resource but shame, and became the creature of the ogress in whose house she lived. With all this, and although she had been accustomed to drinking, and although she had been educated in a prison, and although she earned her livelihood in the way indicated, perhaps the world never contained a more lovely, fascinating, delicate, sweet creature than the goualeuse"?

* "W. M. Thackeray: The New Sketch Book." Being Essays now first collected from "The Foreign Quarterly Review." Edited, with an Introduction by Robert S. Garnett, with an Appendix on the Authors Criticised. 7s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

Lastly, read a passage from the review of Madame de Girardin's "Lettres Parisiennes":

"And is it so? Is it true that the women of Madame de Girardin's country, and of fashionable life, are the heartless, odious, foolish, swindling, smiling, silly, selfish creatures she paints them? Have they no sense of religious duty, no feeling of maternal affection, no principle of conjugal attachment, no motive except variety, for which they will simulate passion (it stands to reason that a woman who does not love husband and children can love nobody) and break all law? Is this true—as every French romance that has been written time out of mind, would have us believe? Is it so common that Madame de Girardin can afford to laugh at it as a joke, and talk of it as a daily occurrence?—and if so, if we must take the Frenchman's own word for it—in spite of all the faults, and all the respectability, and all the lord-worship, and all the prejudice, and all the insoluble dulness of Baker Street—*Miss* (the young and amiable English lady before apostrophised) had much better marry in the Portman Square than in the Place Vendôme quarter."

Of this passage, as Mr. Courtney says of another, surely the competent critic will be inclined to say, "Aut Thackeray, aut Diabolus."

Of the seven papers identified, of one—"Dumas on the Rhine"—further proof of authorship is to be found in Fitzpatrick's "Life of Lever," and it has therefore been included in a recent edition of Thackeray's works (Macmillan; Vol. XV.: "The FitzBoodle Papers, etc.;" 1904); while another —"Death and Dying in France"—is now first made known. The remaining five are included among the eleven papers in "The New Sketch Book." It cannot be denied, however, that while mention in the Rev. Whitwell Elwin's list makes Mr. Garnett's assumptions appear accurate so far as the five articles are concerned, the omission of the other six renders very doubtful indeed the suggestion that they, too, were written by Thackeray. Still, they must not be dismissed without considerations. Take, first, the reviews of Victor Hugo's "Le Rhin" (April, 1842), and Alfred Michiel's "Angleterre" (July, 1844), which appeared respectively before the first and after the last article mentioned by Elwin, who, therefore, may or may not have read them. It is certainly difficult not to accept as from Thackeray's pen the paper on Victor Hugo's book, after listening to what Mr. Garnett has to say:

"In 1842 Thackeray wrote to Edward FitzGerald that he had read no good books or novels worth mentioning, but scores of volumes of history, and, by way of amusement, Victor Hugo's new book on the Rhine. 'He is very great, and writes like a God Almighty,' continues Thackeray, and he explains that he has been trying to write about Hugo's letters that day, only squeezing out one page. A remark of Hugo's about looking at the stars—that night is as it were the normal colour of heaven—struck him, and he says that to him there is something awful in it, and that he is certain that time and space are dark blue. The tone of the letter and of the review are so strikingly similar as to admit no doubt of the identity of the writer. 'He is very great, and writes like a God Almighty,' says the letter-writer, and on the first page of the review—that page which Thackeray squeezed out so laboriously—we find him parodying Victor Hugo, who *is* very great; and on the third page he shows him posed precisely as a divinity. And a little further on we find him quoting and admiring—with a touch of generosity which is charming in the contrast—a passage of description of the night sky, such a passage as that which had so moved Edward FitzGerald's correspondent."

Surely this is conclusive so far as internal evidence ever can be conclusive. But, although Mr. Garnett regards the scathing notice of Michiel's "Angleterre" as "thoroughly typical of the critic's mature talent," I would not like to say more than that Thackeray may have written it. It is true that the geniality that is commonly regarded as a feature of the master's writings is wanting, but then it must be remembered that the contributions to "The Foreign Quarterly Review" were written in the days when he sent to "Fraser's Magazine" articles full of virulent abuse. "I suppose we all begin by being too savage," Thackeray remarked in after days, referring to his critical papers of this period, "*I know one who did*"; and, while in one of his earliest reviews he asked for "a little manly, honest, God-relying simplicity, cheerful, unaffected, humble!", it was only with "Vanity Fair" he began to give them.

After careful study of the review of Dumas' "Crimes Célèbres," I am not inclined to attribute it to Thackeray, and I am of the same opinion with regard to the review of Balzac's 'Monographie de la Presse Parisienne," although the observations upon the woodcut illustrations read like him. Mr. Garnett believes the paper on Gutznow's "Briefe aus [illegible]" was written by Thackeray and revised by the Editor of the "Foreign Quarterly," but I cannot find many passages that to me seem to have been indited by Thackeray. We are, however, on less debatable ground with the only item not yet mentioned, "English History and Character on the French Stage," for a comparison with a similar article in "The Paris Sketch Book" will convince most people of the identity of the author.

Though these papers can add nothing to Thackeray's reputation, and though some of them are mere journeyman's work, yet, without claiming for them high value as criticism—for Thackeray, indeed, was insular in his prejudices—they are certainly most entertaining to read. Mr. Garnett has done well to reprint them, even in the face of the prejudice that exists in some quarters against the "resurrection" of the minor writings of a great author; and it is right that, in addition, grateful acknowledgment should be made of his services as editor, his excellent introduction, and his valuable notes on the authors criticised.

Lewis Melville.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE MORAL IDEAS.*

Dr. Westermarck is a Finn, and he holds the post of Lecturer on Sociology in the University of Finland. Fortunately his residential duties in that office seem to have been light. He has been able to spend four years in Morocco, largely among its country population, that he might "acquire first-hand knowledge of the folk-lore of some non-European people." There, as he tells us, "I have not only collected anthropological data, but tried to make myself familiar with the native way of thinking; and I venture to believe that this has helped me to understand various customs occurring at a stage of civilisation different from our own." He has also spent much time in this country in mastering the immense literature of his subject; and, at the close of his preface, he says that "the reader will easily see how much I owe to British science and thought—a debt which is greater than I can ever express." This debt he has nobly repaid by making the English language the vehicle for his own great work.

Dr. Westermarck has had a number of predecessors. Special branches of the subject have been treated with some thoroughness; and there have of course been attempts to apply the comparative method to the study of ethics as a whole. But Dr. Westermarck is the only writer who can claim to have systematically examined the whole of the evidence, and to have produced a comprehensive treatise on the development of men's ideas of good and evil. Whereas social organisation or religion or some other topic has been the chief interest of other anthropologists, he has selected and brought together the material dealing with morals. And, whatever else his book is, it is a well-arranged storehouse of information which cannot fail to be of the deepest interest to students of ethics. The particular modes of conduct on which moral judgments are passed are indefinitely numerous; the author is forced to limit himself to the more important; and these he divides into six groups. "The first group includes such acts, forbearances, and omissions as directly concern the interests of other men, their life or bodily integrity, their freedom, honour, property, and so forth. The second includes such acts, forbearances, and omissions as chiefly concern a man's own welfare, such as suicide, temperance, asceticism. The third group, which partly coincides with, but partly differs from, both the first and the second, refers to the sexual relations of men. The fourth includes their conduct towards the lower animals; the fifth, their conduct towards dead persons; the sixth, their conduct towards beings, real or imaginary, that they regard as supernatural." These six groups are to be examined in order. But the present volume does not go beyond the first: dealing, in successive chapters, with homicide in general; the killing of parents, sick persons, and children; the killing of women and of slaves; human sacrifice; blood-revenge and compensation—the punishment of death; the duel; bodily injuries; charity and generosity; hospitality; the subjection of children; the subjection of wives; and slavery. On all these points the author gives a full and

* "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas." By Edward Westermarck, Ph.D. In two volumes. Vol. I. Pp. xxi., 716. 14s. net. (Macmillan.)

lucid account of the facts; and, in addition, he seeks "to discover the principle which lies at the bottom of the moral judgment in each particular case."

As its title indicates, the book deals with the origin as well as the development of moral ideas. But the author does not attempt to trace the origin of morality from a condition in which there was no distinction of good and evil. All the evidence goes to show that moral approval and disapproval of some kind are present at every stage known to us of human development. "Various data prove that the lower races have some feeling of justice, the flower of all moral feelings." And "to suppose that savages are entirely without a conscience is quite contrary to what we may infer from the great regard in which they hold their customs, as also contrary to the direct statements of travellers who have taken some pains to examine the matter." A different opinion has been expressed by Lord Avebury; but the evidence brought forward in its favour is shown by Dr. Westermarck not to support the conclusion that any men are without a sense of right and wrong. As he truly remarks, "a people may be unconscious of what is just 'in the abstract,' and of moral 'notions,' in the strict sense of the term, and at the same time, in concrete cases, distinguish between right and wrong, just and unjust."

The earlier chapters of the present volume are occupied with an analysis of the mental processes by which moral qualities are recognised and a theory of their origin. This discussion also is illustrated by many facts drawn from anthropology; but it belongs to psychology rather than to sociology, and raises questions of a different kind. Moral approval and disapproval are the fundamental facts. The latter is interpreted as moral indignation; the former, more vaguely, as moral kindly emotion. In both cases emphasis is laid on the emotional character of the mental state. But emotion is always complex; it is not merely feeling or impulse; it involves also an element of knowledge. Moral indignation involves a recognition that the object of indignation is bad or wrong; moral approval a recognition of goodness. Calm intellectual approval or disapproval is not, indeed, to be ascribed to primitive man; nor should we expect him to exhibit it; feeling and impulse are much more prominent in his attitude; and yet a factor which the psychologist must regard as intellectual enters into his apprehension of good or evil. The tendency of Dr. Westermarck's analysis is to make this intellectual factor derivative. Moral approval or disapproval is, according to him, founded on sympathy, aided by the altruistic sentiment, by impartiality, and by a flavour of generality. His view deserves careful consideration, though it cannot be examined in this place. It is still not clear how it is to be applied to a man's moral approval or disapproval of his own "self-regarding" virtues or vices. These have not yet been discussed in detail by the author; and it is possible that he may regard them as later in development than the moral attitude to social qualities. Further, the question is complicated by the fact that "social" and "self-regarding" are less distinguished in primitive than in more recent society. In early societies the custom of the community is not distinguished from the moral code.

In conclusion it may be added that, great as is the author's contribution to our knowledge of morality, he does not magnify it overmuch, as is the tendency of some sociologists, by making the history of moral customs and ideas do duty for a theory of ethics. But I do not know whether he would agree with the statement that primitive moral ideas and their development have just as much and just as little to do with the validity of moral ideas, as primitive science and its development have to do with the truth of scientific ideas. However this may be, he is to be congratulated on having produced a standard work on a subject of first-rate importance. It is distinguished alike by breadth of view and mastery of detail, by skilful marshalling of evidence and by sound judgment.

W. R. Sorley.

THE LEGEND OF HELEN.*

The story of Helen is one that never grows old and is perpetually, as it were, re-born. Homer, receiving it from an unknown past, shaped it, as Herodotus tells us, according to his fancy, and what Homer did many have done since, and will do hereafter until all passion for beauty has perished among men. For unlike others, whom loveliness has made queens of song and heroines of romance, Helen is in fact only an incarnate dream, a realised imagination. She seems indeed, so vivid are the legends which describe her, to be a creature of flesh and blood, but in truth her substance is ethereal. Whether there ever was a living Helen clothed in mortal shape groping scholars may painfully enquire, but the immortal Helen is a being wholly formed by fancy, and which fancy continually forms afresh according to its will. She is conditioned by no law except that of being perpetually lovely and a ruler of the hearts of men. Her birth and being are mysterious, and while human she is yet almost divine. Like the "immortal goddesses," with whom the aged sires of Troy compare her, age cannot touch her nor trouble mar. The long years pass, her lovers change, war and ruin attend her steps, but her charms never fade, the power of her smile never lessens. Menelaus may bluster and threaten vengeance for ten years, but, Troy once taken, "il fut si ravy de sa beauté"—the words are Brantôme's—"qu'il lui pardonna tout, et l'ayma et caressa plus que jamais." When we last see her in the Odyssey she comes from her "lofty-roofed fragrant chamber" fair "as Artemis of the golden spindle," and "even because he holds Helen" her husband shall dwell hereafter in Elysium, while for her it is appointed, according to a later legend, to live for ever with Achilles in the Happy Isles, peerless bride of the "blameless" hero.

It is a strange story, in which morality and beauty are so wholly separated that even the Greeks are sometimes shocked. That Helen who was "Hell to ships, hell to cities, hell to men" should queen it so bravely both here and in the shades at times perplexes them, so that along with the Homeric account there grows up the legend that Helen never fled with Paris at all, and that Stersichorus, smitten with blindness for defaming her, only recovered his sight by writing the famous palinode which begins "Never didst thou step on the well-benched ships or come to the towers of Troy." Or else they invent the tale of a phantom Helen fashioned by Hera in order to take vengeance on Paris for his fatal judgment and the unforgotten "insult of her outraged charms." But, whatever the particular shape of the legend, Greek thought is continually reverting to Helen as the symbol of supreme beauty, and, when Greek thought came to life again at the Renaissance, Helen too renewed her immortality. Who can forget, for instance, Shakespeare's reference—

> "To her whom, we know well,
> The world's large spaces cannot parallel,"

or Marlowe's wonderful address beginning—

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the hapless towers of Ilium?"

or how, in recent days, she has attracted Bulwer Lytton, Rossetti, Lewis Morris, Landor and Lang. All these catch and reproduce some portion of her charm, but it is Goethe, in that "Classico-romantic Phantasmagoria" which bears her name in the second part of "Faust," who has created the most perplexing Helen of modern poetry. Who or what she is no interpreter pretends fully to explain, but she had at least the witchery, as readers of his essays know, to fascinate even Carlyle, while she has clearly lured Dr. Oswald, the Secretary of the English Goethe Society, into the compilation of this volume. He apparently sees in her union with Faust and the birth of their son Euphorion, some mysterious adumbration, to use Carlyle's words, of "Northern character wedded to Grecian culture" and giving birth to "Modern Poesy,"—if indeed Euphorion be not definitely Byron himself. But on such dark puzzles no ordinary critic can presume to decide. He can only state that Dr. Oswald has collected a great mass of interesting information on a very interesting subject. It is impossible, however, to add that this information is conveyed in a very interesting manner. The author had before him the material for a brilliant essay, but he has preferred to publish a somewhat miscellaneous body of observations in the shape of a book. One seems to be reading rather a series of notes than a finished work, nor is the writer's judgment always of the best. When Helen claims that she was justified in carrying away with her the treasure which constituted her dowry, it seems a poor jest to describe this as "an early assertion of the principle of the Married Women's Property Act" while

* "The Legend of Fair Helen." By Dr. E. Oswald. 10s. 6d. (John Murray.)

solemnly to give a reference to this jest in the Index borders, perhaps, upon the absurd. Or what are we to think of being told that Helen "was near forty-five when Troy fell. . . . the *femme de quarante ans*—still beautiful," and that Homer, in describing her later home-life, "gives a striking and pleasing picture of comfort and matrimonial *entente cordiale*"? And finally read this (p. 89)—

"So let her live with us—as a personality not an abstract; so, perhaps, let her live on and be loved by us, not as one perfect, but as one to whom much may be forgiven, seeing she has loved much."

To this amazing piece of criticism Dr. Oswald unblushingly adds a reference to "St. Luke vii. 47," nor would it be easy more forcibly to illustrate his want of discrimination. And yet his work is one which gathers together so much that is suggestive as to deserve careful study. To examine how some Theme of universal interest has been treated in various ages by many very different artists is one of the most instructive and entertaining of tasks, and for such examination of Helen's immortal story the present volume provides at least the material. T. E. Page.

READINGS ON THE INFERNO OF DANTE.*

All serious students of Dante will give a hearty welcome to this new edition of the "Readings on the Inferno." It is indeed much more than a new edition. Mr. Vernon might have contented himself with re-issuing the book as it stood in the edition of 1894; but the intervening twelve years have seen a good deal of work in Dante literature, and so good a lover of the poet could not rest until he had wrought it into the substance of his exposition. This involved the entire re-writing of it, and the result is a book which is a great treasury of Dante lore, not merely for the beginner, but even for the advanced student. Few men are so thoroughly equipped for such work as Mr. Vernon. His interest in Dante is hereditary. His linguistic equipment is wide and deep. His long residence in Florence, where the substance of these volumes was first given in lectures to a few private friends, has given him an intimate knowledge of Tuscan life and language which often throws real light on obscure words and references. His acquaintance with the literature of the subject is phenomenal—the "List of Authors and Editions quoted" occupies fully eighteen pages. Add to all this an enthusiasm to which every jot and tittle of Dante is dear, a scholarship which can leave nothing at loose ends, and a sane and balanced judgment, and we have a work which will be invaluable to any one who wishes to make a serious study of the "Inferno." Only, it must be a *serious* study: the mere dilettante must go elsewhere.

The plan is comparatively simple. Mr. Vernon takes the great Latin commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, who lectured on the Commedia towards the end of the fourteenth century, as the basis of his exposition. He then goes through the Cantos one by one, stating at the outset the sections into which Benvenuto divided each. The Italian text (following in the main Dr. Moore's Oxford edition) is then broken up into small portions, followed by translations. Mr. Vernon does not profess to translate with rigid literalness, nor yet to reproduce the restrained power and beauty of Dante's language. His aim is to convey the sense fairly, and for this end he intersperses the translation with words and phrases in brackets, which are a real help to the meaning. The translated fragments are woven together by a running commentary, frequently from Benvenuto; and the whole is then enriched with footnotes, in which historical and other allusions, linguistic difficulties, and the conflicting views of commentators, are discussed and elucidated from a vast range of literature, ancient and modern.

A plan such as this has great advantages; but, naturally, it has also the defect of its qualities, as, doubtless, Mr. Vernon would be the first to admit. The first great and inevitable limitation is the Commentator whose work dictates so much of both form and substance. Benvenuto is extremely valuable for his nearness to the traditions of Dante's time; but much more is needed in an interpreter of the great seer. "He will go as far as knowledge and a sensible view will carry him," as the late Dean Church says, "but the awful and solemn depths of a soul, which had dwelt for years in the presence of the eternal world, and had all but seen it, were beyond his capacity." Mr. Vernon is quite aware of this, and accepts his limitations. It is becoming fashionable to sneer a little at Dante Commentators because they do not open up the heights and depths, poetical and spiritual, of the Commedia. The truth is, this must be left to the individual reader to do for himself, if he has the soul to do it. The first business of the Commentator is to give the necessary basis of knowledge, without which neither the poetry nor the spirit of the Commedia can be even guessed. A second inevitable weakness of the plan of the work springs from the very wealth of authorities quoted. The multiplicity of references, in spite of perfect clearness of arrangement, is somewhat perplexing to a beginner; and sometimes one is uncertain, among the many views quoted, which is the author's own. Occasionally this leads to an appearance of inconsistency. To take a case. When Virgil first appears, Mr. Vernon takes him as the symbol of "Natural or Human Knowledge"—in fact, the Reason in the system of Aquinas, to which the things of Faith are unknown. When we reach the City of Dis, where Heretics lie in their burning tombs, and find Virgil repulsed by the fiends at the gate, we naturally expect to be told that this represents some inability of Reason to penetrate the mysteries of the Faith, some trembling of Dante's intellect before the dangers of Heresy. We are surprised to find that Virgil has now changed into "imperial authority": at least, Mr. Vernon quotes Scartazzini to that effect with apparent approval. To say that imperial authority turns Man's eyes to Evil Conscience (the Furies), and away from petrifying doubt (the Medusa), and comes to his assistance "with laws against heresy" (!), is simply to reduce the whole situation to absurdity. One is convinced Mr. Vernon would have felt this had he been working it out independently for himself, and not merely quoting. The fact is, Mr. Vernon keeps himself too modestly out of sight behind his authorities, and one could gladly spare some pages here and there of Benvenuto and others, to learn his own views on more than one disputed point. It is with diffidence one ventures to say so much. Whatever limitations his plan imposes on him, Mr. Vernon has given us a book entirely worthy of his great reputation as a Dante scholar, and one which, as Dr. Moore says in his admirable Introduction, is "full of interest for every class and degree of student of the Divine Poem." The beginner who goes through these volumes conscientiously and seriously will be no mean Dante scholar himself, and the further he advances the greater will be his appreciation of their author's learning and sound judgment.

John S. Carroll.

* "Readings on the Inferno of Dante." By the Hon. William Warren Vernon, M.A. Oxon. Two vols. 15s. net. (Methuen & Co.)

FRANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

What a theme is here! No adequate conception could be formed of it until a search had been made through the length and breadth of Europe for several centuries for an epic poet of quite superior understanding and comprehensive views. After being trained by approved methods of destitution through a long life of intense reflection, the poet might form some adequate conception of his theme and set about writing a history of France in the Nineteenth Century.

It is no slight to the author of this book to say she has not such a conception of her theme; for she does not pretend to be an epic poet. She follows the historic method of Kaspar in Southey's ballad, a good method and as old as Herodotus. It gave us the lively pictures of Froissart, and was adopted (with something less of distinction) by the excellent Mrs. Markham.

If we learn nothing relative to Fourier or Saint Simon, Mrs Latimer tells us all about the murder of Madame de Praslin and how the governess married a Congregational minister; and when she speaks of Lamartine she quotes Mrs. Oliphant. Indeed, says Mrs. Latimer, writing of Lamartine in an outburst of enthusiastic italics, "The revolution *he* conducted was, if I may say so, the only *respectable* revolution France has ever known."

Not every revolution, to be sure, can be warranted "perfectly proper, placid and pleasant." When we come to the

* "France in the Nineteenth Century." By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

days that followed upon the great war of 1870, we should not learn so much from Mrs. Latimer concerning the issue between Versailles and the Commune, as we should learn from the speech of the gentle Kritias, or from Thucydides, a kind of historian who is useful as a guide to the democracy of any age. But, it has been noted, Mrs. Latimer does not pretend to give Peterkin any answer :—

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

She quotes from lively memoirs and amusing magazine articles, and finds her scope in comment upon domestic circumstances that were allied to historic action. One regrets she does not tell the history of Bazaine's last days in Mexico, which might very well have come within this range of interest. It was not the least evil of the Mexican war, the illusion produced about Bazaine, which, as Sir Spencer Walpole said, ultimately induced Napoleon III., in the hour of deepest necessity, to entrust him with the sole control of military affairs.

A captious critic might charge the author with some trifling inaccuracy. But one may be very accurate and very dull. The author conveys a pleasant sense of her interest in the events she speaks of, and writes a popular history in an entertaining manner. F. E. Phillips.

Novel Notes.

THE BISHOP'S APRON. By W. Somerset Maugham. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Everybody knows Mr. Maugham as the author of that realistic story of London low life, "Liza of Lambeth," and of that clever but too repellent psychological study, "Mrs. Craddock." In "The Bishop's Apron" we make acquaintance with Mr. Maugham in a new rôle, and one in which, moreover, he achieves an easy and brilliant success. His story is a social satire that is none the less true and biting for being largely clothed in a habit of pleasant and apparently irresponsible flippancy. One would be sorry to believe that all or many clerics were as vain and worldly, as self-seeking and insincere, as Canon Spratte is: but one knows that some are, and that some, and too many of them, are as shameless and as persistent in their hunt after a Bishopric as he was. His character is admirably drawn with the lightest and airiest of touches; the whole Spratte family, indeed, is presented amusingly and with great insight. The part that jars a little is that which shows the Canon's winsome, lovable daughter, Winnie, roused to a serious interest in the lives of the poor and falling in love with the handsome and passionately sincere young Socialist lecturer, Bertram Railing, only to be disillusioned and to lose all her enthusiasm and break her engagement as soon as she sees and makes an attempt to cultivate the acquaintance of the dreadful mother, a good, uncultured woman to whom he owes everything, and the rest of his inferior family circle; and it jars most because it is so mercilessly true. The whole book is an admirable blend of cynical gaiety and broadly farcical comedy; it is the smartest and most genuinely humorous novel that the season has yet given us.

THE WAY OF THE SPIRIT. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Mr. Rider Haggard in his new novel, "The Way of the Spirit," presents a problem. It is, like well-nigh all absorbing enigmas, one of Conscience :—Is a man bound absolutely by the letter of the Moral Law, the law in this case being that of fidelity to the marriage bond, however adverse his circumstances be to its spirit and his obligations? Our whole interior man responds of course with alacrity to such an appeal. We must at least be impeccable in our "views." But Mr. Haggard is not content with a case quite simple. He obscures (or alleviates) the issue with Romance. He paints very black indeed circumstances that more often, much more intolerably, are only grey. He transports Rupert Ullershaw to a region where commandments there may be, but not commandments graved on stone. And in him he confronts us with a man so unfortunate, and in his wife (that is no wife) with a woman so entirely atrocious that the Moral Law seems simply Petty Tyranny. Moreover, the significance of Rupert's renunciation of Mea—the lady of the Oasis—as mistress, is insignificant compared with his acceptance of Mea, sexless, loyal, true and tender as a child. And here of course to the casuistical mind occurs the inevitable question :—Had this unhappy man any right so to accept Mea? Does not the wraith here transcend the reality? Or is Mrs. Grundy so intent on her pound of flesh that she has forgotten the "goodness" in it? It is true Mrs. Ullershaw firmly demands at last the complete restitution of her husband. But does any sacrifice much matter now with such dreams in the air? Memory is the lovelier half of life and beyond all meddling. When, too, on the other hand, in this dark heyday of earth's trivial affairs, is bliss so certain as that which falls at last on these loyal lovers? But Paradise is not the reward of renunciation. Each is simply each. The English part of the book is unpleasant and estranging. Lord Devene, Dick, Lord Southwick, Edith are so detestable they scarcely seem to matter. Mr. Haggard detests them as much as we. His view of them is external. His dreams are in the East—its philosophy, its beauty, mystery and promise. We cannot think the author's apology for his book was necessary. There are dull critics, it is said; and a dull public. But then, why trouble for the dull?

THE HISTORY OF RICHARD RAYNAL. By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Pitman.)

"Richard Raynal" takes its place in a rare order of books: it is to the reader an "experience." Most books cover familiar, recognisable, probable ground. We are prepared for them. Sometimes indeed we are prepared, as it were, for their originality and novelty. But this is a book old as the hills—and as distant. We peer in, but shall see little unless we pierce the opaque body of ourselves. We scan a talisman—the talisman of a rare point of view. It is a book essentially the author's: how few can be essentially its readers! It reveals an Earth not many even in youth perceive, and fewer yet remember. Field and beast, star and garden, dream and solitude; here they are as they are to eyes and hearts of simplicity and peace. Immensely old, immensely youthful are this young man's eyes—Richard Raynal. And with these for guide soon comes life's wicket. The story is perfectly told: evades all the snares that beset the mediæval! Humour and gravity hold true the balance. Perhaps we need for our guidance no more than Sir John's naïve, rambling, tender *obligato*. The footnotes occasionally beckon *away*, betray a purpose. But, as in "The King's Achievement," the book is charged with light—candle and moonbeam, light of water, light of daydream, light that is neither of day nor night. Peace is its target—escape from the mind which is "like a restless fly that is at once weary and active."

FANNY LAMBERT. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

One of the most refreshing changes for a mind jaded by problems and complexities and the squalors of life, is to be found within the orange covers of this example of the "light touch." "Fanny Lambert" is not in the least "yellow" in the modern use of the word in literature. The hue is concentrated in the covers and stays there. The story of this entirely charming daughter of an entirely charming man, both of them impecunious and careless of the fact, both of them lovable and open-handed and hearted, both of them fascinating, engaging, innocently revealing their circumstances and going through life with an "air," is a story of continuous sparkle and amusing buoyancy. While the "man in possession" is turned to account as butler and gardener, George Lambert goes off with a vague idea of getting some money, and incidentally visits at a charming country-house, while Fanny Lambert receives the very proper stranger-cousin who is engaged in a law-suit with her father, charms his very slow-working heart out of him, invites him to lunch off a boiled whiting, talks to him, invites him to stay on to dinner, and takes him shopping to buy it in Highgate, mixes a punch which is as a drink of the gods, and sends him home with a whirling mind. It is scarcely necessary to say that the law-suit is stopped; on hearing which Fanny Lambert, who has also won the heart of the opponent's lawyer, telegraphs the good news to her father before starting off for a day at the Zoo with the old lawyer. The telegram ends with "Isn't it sweet of him" ("him" being the proper young cousin), and is signed with the while

the lawyer's name. On reading this gay book one wishes that the Lamberts would come and brighten the world, as they have brightened the pages of the volume. One small lesson, also, is subtly taught in it, viz.—that in love impulse is generally more successful than procrastination.

THE LADY OF THE DECORATION. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is the story of a courageous, gay-spirited, great-hearted American girl, "a young widow who wasn't sorry," who goes out to join a Mission in Japan and teach in the Kindergarten school. She had married at eighteen, and married the wrong man, for, as she writes after her widowhood, "then I was a child and knew too little, and now I am a woman and know too much." Fond of pleasure, a little given to frivolity, full of the joy of life, and possessed of an almost sinfully acute sense of humour, she had no irresistible inclination to the missionary service, but had made up her mind to the step, and with characteristic wilfulness she goes, in defiance of the wishes of all her friends. Her story is cunningly told or suggested in the series of letters she writes to a girl friend she has left behind in America. The life aboard ship is pictured, one or two missionaries among her fellow-passengers are rather unkindly satirised, and we hear how an elderly missionary and a solemn little German attempted to make love to her on the voyage. Later, she writes, often flippantly but always vividly, of her doings at the Japanese Mission, and you are subtly brought to realise that she loves children and is glad that the little ones under her charge grow to love her, and is delightfully proud that, mistaking her watch for a medal given to her by the Emperor, they name her the Lady of the Decoration. All through the letters run references to a certain "Jack," a young American doctor whom she had known long before her luckless marriage, and in confidential moods she cannot altogether hide how her heart hungers for him. "There is nothing under God's sun that can repay a woman for the loss of love and home," she writes. "It's all right to love humanity, but I was born a specialist. . . . . I am not grieving over what has been, but what isn't." Her teaching in the school, and afterwards, when the war has broken out, the sights she sees and the work she does in the hospitals among the wounded and dying soldiers, ripens and disciplines her character, but leaves her still her charming native humour and vivacity. It is an excellent romance, brightly and cleverly written, and the end is what every reader would wish it to be.

THE FIFTH QUEEN. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Of historical novels there are two main types; the one, a narrative of spirited events, of adventurous deeds done in stirring times; the other, a picture of life in a past time. Now, although Mr. Hueffer has taken for his book the period when Henry VIII. was king, when intrigue was making life difficult and exciting on every side and in almost every class, when plots were rife and big events were happening and imminent, the general effect of his book is that of a picture of life in Henry VIII.'s time, including views of the Court, of his Highness himself, and of the many plotters and intriguers who surrounded him, rather than a narrative of stir, and danger, and love, and ambition. The "fifth queen" is Katharine Howard, who comes into the story as attendant on "Lady Mary," the King's daughter; and the King is chafing against the marriage which has been arranged for him with Anne of Cleves. The story is one which can be imagined as full of romance, humour, and passions; instead, it interests us as a conscientious chronicle of wickedness of a former age, and as a series of excellent character-studies, with many good scenes impressive enough in their way, but less impressive than they might be, by reason of being a little over-"finnicked." Mr. Hueffer's work is good, but it might have been more spontaneous in effect, and more finely dramatic.

TRAFFIC. The Story of a Faithful Woman. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Duckworth.)

There is a carefully prepared heredity for this heroine, and she is an Irish peasant girl whose father was of gentle blood. She is married to a man from whom she has every legal right to be divorced, and the story is one of her love for another man. But she is a Roman Catholic, and tells her lover that in her Church there is no divorce. "If I were to be divorced and marry again, the Church would close its doors against me—I should be excommunicated." To him, "such a law did not uphold the forgiveness of sins, but the eternal damnation of them." The author's idea is to show the temporal damnation of the heroine. This is worked out in a logical manner when she obeys the behest of her priest and returns to the husband from whom she has been obliged to try and escape. The victim is dragged through the utmost tragic possibilities of womanhood. There should be no quarrel with a tragic theme. But a quarrel may lie with an author who hastily explains, at the end of the book, that his traffic with the Tragic Muse was a mere flirtation; who throws over tragedy at an impossible moment, and patches up a happy ending that is incredible. The book wants a practicable hero; but there are several excessively unpleasant persons in it who are, doubtless, quite true to life.

MY SWORD FOR LAFAYETTE. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Into this stirring tale of the American War of Independence and the French Revolution Mr. Max Pemberton has put sufficient "incident" to provide a novelist of less resource with material for at least half a dozen books. In all conscience there is no lack of excitement, adventure crowding on adventure, exciting scene on exciting scene. But the picture never becomes confused or blurred: all is vivid, clean-cut, and living. The story is supposed to be told by one Zaida Kay, an American, who first met Lafayette in France, was with him at the Battle of Barren Hill, and returned to France with him to witness some of the wildest scenes of the Revolution. Brisk and excellent as is that portion of the tale which deals with the experiences in America, the majority of experienced novel-readers will doubtless agree that by far the abler part is that treating of the adventures of Lafayette and his friends after the return to France. Here, somehow, Mr. Pemberton seems to be on surer ground. There is, of course, a "love interest." This is provided by the wooing of Pauline Beauvallet, a young Frenchwoman, by the intrepid Kay. In the end he and Lafayette are imprisoned, and Kay, through the intervention of influential friends in America, is liberated, only to learn that thirty days earlier his wife had died on the scaffold in Paris. She was an aristocrat, and the revolutionaries sent her to the guillotine. The chief figure of the book is the American soldier of fortune, Kay, but one gets impressive glimpses of the brave Lafayette, whose patriotism and love of freedom, imperturbability and tenderness, are well suggested. Altogether "My Sword for Lafayette" is a distinguished and welcome Pemberton. The book has spirited wash-drawings by Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I.

THE MISSES MAKE-BELIEVE. By Mary Stuart Boyd. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

By all the rules of edifying fiction, Belle and Eileen Fleming, known to a cynical Mayfair as "the Misses Make Believe," should have come to grief. But Mrs. Boyd, their biographer, belongs to an age that believes in the fresh air cure for artificiality, and this is used with such effect that a happy ending is inevitable. The reader is well pleased that it should be so, for the Fleming girls, if of an amazing silliness, are not unamiable. The daughters of Sir James Fleming, a West-End physician, Belle and Eileen (originally, until smitten by the picturesque, plain Bella and Ellen) were left at their father's death with an income that would have seemed very well in a quiet way. But they would not sacrifice their position on the fringe of society, and to this end they pinched and scraped, kept a shabby hired carriage during the season, a young foreigner on a "honorarium" to open the door, and an ancient domestic, themselves doing wonders as housemaids and cooks in secret. They continued to give shabby genteel receptions while they could, but of course it had all to come to an end one day, and their trustee, honest John Hornecke, packed the two unbending though broken *mondaines* off to a remote Devonshire cottage, where he allowed them to imagine they were his tenants. Gradually the girls became natural and sensible, they were always rather charming for all their folly, and at length Hornecke took Eileen to his arms, while the local doctor, a man of fortune, took Belle to his. It is a pleasant story enough, told with some fidelity to life, but

without the least pretension to literary excellence. But that will not trouble those, and they are many, who will by some law of gravitation find out, read, and advise others to read the book.

THE LAPSE OF VIVIEN EADY. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Nash.)

Mr. Marriott is a subtle analyst, whose subjects of analysis are the human being. His analyses make good reading as a rule, but now and again he is intricate to the border of tiresomeness, and one longs for more action and less disquisition. The scene of his latest novel is Cornwall once more, a country of which he writes with much tenderness and grace. There are descriptions of scenery, but they are never long, and they always succeed in giving a picture to the reader. The "lapse" of the lady of the title-page is in the matter of her love for a priggish, highly-educated schoolmaster, to whom she is "engaged." When the book opens we find her in prayer that she may be made worthy of him; and we soon learn that it is he who ought to be praying to be made worthy of her. Not that he is a bad man: he has too fine a sense of what he owes to himself to be a bad man in the accepted sense of the term; but his "correctitude" is vast; and he is an intellectual snob of the worst kind. The story has not gone far when we make the acquaintance of a gentleman farmer, a University man, who lives in the neighbourhood of Vivien and her mother. His name is Stott, and he is of the dour, masterful, Rochester type—though his farmhouse, it is true, has no awful Mystery. From the first it is seen that Vivien's affections will ultimately be transferred to the strong, silent man; so the end, in which there is promise of orange-blossom that will be without interest for the schoolmaster, does not surprise. The book is written with much skill, but does not mark any noteworthy advance on Mr. Marriott's first novel, "The Column."

KARL GRIER. By Louis Tracy. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

We were tired of stories of hypnotism, personal magnetism, ghost vision, clairvoyance, and all the other mediumistic devices by which the popular novelist (who is extremely unpopular with us on that very account) seeks to tickle our attention, so that the sub-title of the book, announcing that Karl Grier was a man with a sixth sense, brought us to the first page in a mood of fault-finding annoyance. And then, suddenly, annoyance vanished, and the pages began turning slowly and then faster under our fingers, and our eyes shot from line to line, as if our very life depended on learning at the earliest possible moment what happened next. The annoyance was swept away by Mr. Tracy's beautifully natural opening. There is something refreshing in a writer who sets out to tell a tale of a man with a wonderful extra sense, as if he were discussing a new species of guinea-pig. All the book through, except on the occasions when personal feelings induce the author to take a part in the events himself, he makes it quite clear that it is his conscious aim to set a quiet restrained account of facts before us, not to excite us, but for the sake of the profound human and scientific interest that they hold. There is nothing impossible about the book. That is the secret of its success. Everything that Karl Grier does might be done. The whole story is a monstrous and, at the same time, fascinating possibility.

BLUE JAY. By Peggy Webling. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Most people in their childhood seem to have read or listened to that tearful story "A Peep Behind the Scenes." Possibly they have also smiled at it—since. Miss Peggy Webling's tale is a grown-up version of "A Peep Behind the Scenes"; not quite grown-up perhaps, but suited for adult consumption in that the moving tortures of the earlier story give place in the later to the hero's beauty, success, and love. We meet Blue Jay as a boy at Cooling River, a little town among the W. Canadian maples. In taking Nessie Gill to McPhee's World-famous Hippodrome, etc., he is circus-struck. He teaches himself juggling, runs away from home, and in a hard school becomes the finest "equilibrist" in the world. We see him famous but love-lorn in his great act—the Spirit of the Maple—suggested by an artist who has rescued him from starvation in London. And in the end, all's well. "You young scapegraces, who run away from home, have a knack of turning into the finest fellows in the world." True or not, it is a congenial theme. Miss Peggy Webling has written in a convention somewhat remote from life; her pathos and her ideal are a little obvious maybe. Yet her evident sincerity and enthusiasm; her appreciation of athletic beauty and many sorts of people; her pictures of circus life and her unaffected writing, do charm one into sympathy. "Blue Jay," in short, is a novel on conventional lines, but well separate from the ruck both as regards subject-matter and treatment of detail. Many readers of "A Peep Behind the Scenes" will once more peep, weep, and be left happy.

THE MAYOR OF TROY. By "Q." 6s. (Methuen.)

"Q.'s" handling of "The Mayor of Troy" has reminded us of nothing so much as Goldsmith's treatment of Beau Nash. It is a masterly portrait of a "great little man," touched in with the deftest strokes of wit and irony, and with a liberal use of the softening medium of the kindliest humour. Solomon Hymen was a very great man, indeed, well qualified for the mayoralty of Troy by virtue of his surpassing skill in evading the Revenue officers, and his patriotic endeavours to defend his coast against the accursed Buonaparte. Given such a hero, and well knowing his biographer's exquisite craftsmanship, our readers will correctly infer that in "The Mayor of Troy" there awaits for them a literary treat which they will not find equalled in any other novel of the season. The interest of the book is not confined to Solomon. Indeed, we have found our chief pleasure in the less prominent character studies, such as the venerable Uncle Issy, whose stirring address to the troops of Troy Town, on the day of the great (sham) battle of Talland Cove, seems to us one of the most notable of recent additions to the pages of English humour. Our only quarrel with "Q." is that he has made the fall of poor Solomon a longer fall than his pride quite merited. It was surely an abuse of Sophoclean irony to leave so good a man with a wooden leg! And the end of the story is enough to make us weep. But perhaps we also had courted the visitation of the same dread irony—we had laughed so heartily over the first half of this delightful book. Our retrospect of it began with Goldsmith; we close it by adapting him—

> "And still we laughed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one Troy Town could yield so much to 'Q.'"

THE MEASURE OF LIFE. By Frances Campbell. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Slight as these sketches and essays are in texture, they are informed with a wise quietness of thought and a quaintness or tenderness of fancy that make them peculiarly and indescribably charming. Take "The Scarecrow," for example—it is just a vivid little picture of a ragged, small urchin out in the spring meadows joyously earning his shilling a week by singing two lines of doggerel rhyme to scare the birds away. Yet of this picture and of the casual, momentary incident that grows out of it Mrs. Campbell fashions a "spiritual adventure" that is hauntingly and pathetically beautiful. The eerie gossip of "Hell-shoon," the weird and cunningly suggestive episode in "Blown from the Infinite," the supernatural but homelier tale of "The Turf-Cutter"—turn where you will and there is the same fine imaginative gift and delicate literary art to win your interest and your admiration.

THE WEIGHT OF THE CROWN. By F. M. White. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. White is really very clever. Wanting a large audience, he chooses for a heroine a girl who is driven by poverty to serve in a Bond Street milliner's. At once he has the attention of every woman who works for her living. Then he gets her unjustly dismissed, and sends her an anonymous letter, so that by the end of the first four pages he has the hearts of all kindly-disposed people fluttering with sympathy and curiosity. This done, he is at his ease. Having tightly secured his audience, he can begin business in earnest. The same night his lady milliner is playing the part of a double, intriguing with generals and princes and romantic society damsels and a noble-minded Queen. Situations of terror, of excitement, of pathos come quick after each other like the pictures in a cinematograph. To read this book is like watching a very clever juggler tossing coloured balls and weaving a pattern with them in the air, keeping one ball always in the centre, and every ball moving faster than we can see.

The Bookman's Table.

PORFIRIO DIAZ. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 21s. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

There is no more romantic, perhaps no intrinsically nobler figure amongst living rulers of mankind than that of General Porfirio Diaz, who has been seven times President of Mexico. He was first elected in 1877; he was elected for a second time in 1884, and has by the practically unanimous desire of his countrymen retained the Presidency ever since. At the outset of his career he had no thought of achieving that exalted office; it was a height altogether beyond his aim. "My highest ambition as a young man," he says, "was to be made a colonel in the army, and at one time that ambition seemed quite unlikely ever to be fulfilled. I just drifted to the position I now hold, and I often wonder how it ever came about." How it came about is what Mrs. Alec Tweedie has made it her business to discover. She has stayed with the President and his wife in Mexico; has gathered their personal recollections of much that has happened; has been favoured with extracts from the President's private diary, and with copies of valuable State documents; has interviewed many of those who helped to make the history she was bent upon writing, and has embodied the results of her researches and inquiries in this ably written and intensely interesting volume. Everybody knows in a general way how Mexico was reduced to bankruptcy; how, after long simmering in a condition of chaotic disorder and revolt, setting up and throwing down a series of fifty-two dictators, presidents, emperors, in a matter of fifty-nine years, the people chose Diaz to guide the whirlwind and direct the storm, to cultivate peace and prosperity where nothing but war and ruin had been sown for over half a century past; and in his strong hands what had seemed impossible became possible. He found Mexico lawless and unsafe to live in, too deeply in debt to have any apparent hope of getting out of it again, her liberty menaced by certain nations who were her creditors, and by certain others who resented the execution of the deposed Emperor Maximilian, whose rule had been forced upon her by Napoleon III. By his wise and upright governing he subdued all these elements of discord, and raised his country out of the welter of civil war to the position of settled government and high financial stability that she occupies to-day. The episode of the unfortunate Maximilian's rise and fall and death is related very picturesquely and with a fine sense of its tragically dramatic features; indeed, this whole varied life of General Diaz resolves itself into a wonderfully absorbing romance of modern history, and loses nothing of its impressiveness nor of its inherent fascination from Mrs. Tweedie's manner of narrating it. The book is excellently illustrated with over a hundred photographs.

POEMS. By Thomas Boyd. 2s. 6d. net. (Dublin: O'Donoghue and Co.)

It may be that the Anglo-Saxon has too strong a tendency to beefiness and common-sense; or it may be that the Celt lives too far in the other extreme and grows spiritually attenuated; but certainly to the average Englishman the poetry of the new Irish school seems generally but a thing of half-hatched visions and luminous shadows, a fairy banquet of mist and moonlight that cheats him with its semblance to poetic realities, yet leaves the hunger of his soul unsatisfied at last. Therefore it is that one welcomes this little book of Mr. Thomas Boyd's the more heartily, for though he is essentially a product of the modern Celtic movement, his work makes a stronger and more personal appeal; the spirit of poetry in it is not divorced from that body of humanity without which it becomes but a ghostly light and a wandering wind; he does not write of the sadness of the world as if it were merely something beautiful to be played with and dreamt about, but as if it were something actual and he had known it; and it is this knowledge that enables him to translate human passions into poetry that is the truer poetry, because one is made to feel always the beat of a human heart in it. Their forceful and unaffected simplicity make such ballads as "Batt Scanlon, Fiddler," and "The Mother on the Shore" especially remarkable. Mr. Boyd has not the exquisite artistry of Mr. W. B. Yeats, but he has much of his subtle skill in melody and verbal magic, and these, with his undeniable gifts of feeling and imagination, should give him a place in that new school of Irish poets, and a place among the foremost.

WITH THE COSSACKS. By Francis McCullagh. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

At the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan Mr. McCullagh was working on the staff of a Russian newspaper in Port Arthur. Rumours of the coming storm had reached him, and he was aboard the *Columbia*, in the harbour under the forts, trying to persuade the fiery and fearless British captain of that little passenger steamer to carry him across to Chefoo when the Japanese torpedo-boats made their memorable night attack on the Russian fleet as it lay at anchor. Failing to get permission to leave the harbour, the *Columbia* presently made a run for it, and on the morning of the battle of Chemulpo steamed perilously through the lines of the opposing fleets, expecting momentarily to be sent to the bottom by the hail of shells that were crashing around it, and came safely to its destination. From Chefoo Mr. McCullagh travelled with all speed to Mukden, and to Liaoyang, and thence to join that famous leader of Cossacks, General Mishchenko, whom he accompanied in his daring raid across the frozen Hun river in the rear of the conquering Japanese. Throughout the war, Mr. McCullagh served as correspondent to the *New York Herald;* he was present at the stubborn fighting that took place around Mukden, and went with the Russian army on their disastrous and terrible retreat from that town; indeed, from first to last, he witnessed every battle of importance that was fought during the long and arduous campaign. In "With the Cossacks," however, he gives us concise and realistic descriptions of the condition of things in Port Arthur immediately before and at the commencement of hostilities, and, having briefly and graphically narrated the incident of his escape from that Port, he limits his writing to a full and valuable record of his experiences with the Cossacks in their numerous battles, skirmishes and desperate ventures, till his final capture by the Japanese. Mr. McCullagh's style is terse and brilliantly impressionistic; he has a quick eye for touches of character, and shrewdly contrasts the national characteristics of the Russians and their enemies, and indicates something of the secret of their strength and of their weakness; he writes of both races from an intimate personal knowledge of them which gives his book the value and profound interest that always attaches to a history of important events that is also a thrilling narrative of individual experiences. Maps are furnished, and the volume is illustrated with several admirable photographs.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE. By John Butler Burke. 16s. (Chapman and Hall.)

It may be remembered that last year the daily press exhibited some interest in the work of Mr. J. B. Burke, of Cambridge, who, it was alleged, had converted non-living into living material by means of radium. But popular journalism, being more concerned with the production of good "copy" than with the appreciation of sound science, is not a safe authority on questions of scientific research. It often makes mistakes. For example, it publishes once a week, on the average, the latest and best discovery of the true cause of cancer; and, at fortnightly intervals (there is no covert allusion to the *Fortnightly Review*, in which one of Mr. Burke's articles has appeared), one may expect with confidence the announcement of an infallible cure for the same inscrutable disease. But none of these causes or cures have been verified by the scientific world. The normal scientist, of course, is not gifted with the lightning perspicacity of the pressman; but after making full allowance for the deficiency of the former individual, it must be confessed that statements which are irreconcilable, like the innumerable cancer "discoveries," cannot all be right, and therefore the pressman must, sometimes, be wrong. On similar grounds it is only reasonable to raise the suggestion, as a possibility, that the daily press may have been over enthusiastic in its announced discoveries concerning the origin of life. In this particular matter, however, Mr. Burke does not regard the journalistic instinct as fatuous; it seems to be attributable to inspiration. Writing of his experiments on radium, Mr. Burke says "the interest attached to them has been such that the brief note communicated to *Nature*, May 25th, 1905, and the few words uttered to a representa-

tive of the *Daily Chronicle*, June 20th, and in a short article on June 29th, 1905, have resounded from the remotest corners of the earth to an extent quite beyond the expectation even of my most apprehensive friends." These words are quoted as representing Mr. Burke's opinions and his way of expressing them. It would be mere bathos to add that scientists, at Cambridge and elsewhere, are not able to keep pace with this enthusiastic author; the extension of the resonance is too much to be readily grasped by the average mind, possessed of only limited powers of expansion. In addition to his own discoveries, Mr. Burke describes and criticises with much confidence the work of many important observers on the physico-chemical basis of life. Having adjusted these matters, in the illumination of the latest knowledge, he concludes his work with a brief philosophical treatise on the relation of mind to matter.

RAMBLES IN BRITTANY. By Francis Miltoun. With many Illustrations by Blanche McManus. 6s. (Duckworth.)

In Mr. Pecksniff's famous address upon the difference between the anatomy of nature and the anatomy of art, he compared the legs of the human subject with wooden legs, and unhesitatingly pronounced against the productions of art and in favour of nature. Possibly he spoke of wooden legs in a fine frenzy of symbolism. The author of "Rambles in Brittany" would seem to be of Mr. Pecksniff's opinion: writing with little consideration for the anatomy of art, and never attempting, any more than Mrs. Todgers did, really to propound to us what his notion of a wooden leg might be. "What an intricate affair is any perfect passage," says Stevenson, considering the elements of style; "how many faculties, whether of taste or pure reason, must be held upon the stretch to make it!" Now, after reading a few sentences in "Rambles in Brittany" we expect to find something, anything, described as "common or garden." And it is so. Nevertheless, a page is sometimes brightened by amiable quotations from Victor Hugo and Mr. James. The book is "intended both for the armchair traveller and also for him who journeys by road and rail." But the author rambles by road in a motor-car, and does not address the old-fashioned traveller who jolted in a country cart from some outlandish village to meet the *diligence*, that vehicle of various design, upon the high road. Is there not some exaggeration in speaking of St. Jacut de la Mer as "an entrancing combination of sea and shore which in all France is not elsewhere equalled, unless it be on the Riviera"? The illustrations are inclined to be noisy in effect; but some are pleasing and very "like," too.

A QUEEN OF NAPOLEON'S COURT. By Catherine Bearne. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

In the coronation of Napoleon we see the apotheosis of the French Revolution; and the best that can be said for the French Revolution, says Mr. Bodley, is, that it produced for the student and artist a collection of pictures and documents such as no epoch of antiquity, or of modern times, has supplied. But, in Mr. Bodley's opinion, it was hardly worth while that millions of the human race should have lamentably perished before their term "to provide intellectual pleasure for the cultivated." This is one view; but the reader needs not be conscience-stricken, who is invited by the present author to witness the gladiatorial strife. Who speaks of Napoleon's days must, indeed, sing of arms and the man, and tell a story of adventure. But Miss Bearne makes pleasant "drawing-room music" of the clash of arms, and touches lightly on the fate of nations in—as the objectionable phrase will go—"society" gossip. Her book is made, of course, from the Memoir writers, and she draws largely from Madame Junot. It has been well said that though in history it is a picture of the past we want—its express image and feature—yet what we want is the true picture, and not simply theatrical matter. Now we know that, from Malmaison days, Madame Junot had a taste for theatrical matter which somewhat subtracts from her value in historical reference. We want evidence that Napoleon wished to marry Madame Permon! Madame Junot, one suspects, wrote of feminine conquests as they might be rather than as they were. Napoleon, however, did very much the same thing in his own way of victory; edited his bulletins, and was chary of the truth about Trafalgar. Like the pretty extravagant Laure Permon, Napoleon, too, had the Southern instinct for the drama and effect. Miss Bearne's present Queen (Dêsirée Bernadotte) brought nothing to the Court from the South but gaiety of heart and feminine irresponsibility. She serves the author only as a lay figure to be dressed in Empire costume.

EARLY LIVES OF CHARLEMAGNE. Edited by Prof. A. J. Grant. 1s. 6d. net. (The De La More Press.)

This is a very charming and scholarly-edited little volume of the King's Classics. Professor Grant has set side by side two delightfully contrasting biographies—the first by Eginhard, a busy and practical-minded scholar and abbot, who lived at Charles' Court, knew him well, and survived him nearly thirty years; the second, half a century later in date, written by an unknown monk of the monastery of Saint Gall. The first is interesting on account of its subject; the second, on account of its humanity. Eginhard, the intimate of Charles, seeing great events from within, had a breadth of outlook that, together with a first-hand knowledge, made some sort of perspective possible. He wrote about Charles reverently, scrupulously, almost in a scientific spirit, clearing away incidentals, trying to avoid irrelevancies, always doing his best to present an accurate picture. His book, so small, so carefully built, is like a chaste monument, set as a landmark for posterity. The monk, on the other hand, who used old authorities, and stories unwillingly listened to as a child, is joyously irrelevant, carelessly incidental. He may have planned a form, but could not keep to it. He may have tried to be truthful, and at least succeeded in being interesting. In the short time since Charles' death the subject had already become inexhaustible. Charles, "the most vigilant," "the most glorious," "the most careful," "the most observant" (these four phrases are from two pages opened at a venture), is already a hero, already a being of whom anything may be true so long as it is splendid, to whom any feat might have been easy so long as it was prodigious. We love that monk, because he must have loved the making of his book. We read it with our tongue in our cheek, but we enjoy it all the same. Eginhard we reverence, but we would give much to have a talk with the garrulous monk of Saint Gall. We are grateful to Professor Grant for giving us the two together. To read them so is a delight, and at the same time a revelation of the frailty of truth among the perils of biography.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

The school-boy as he is, cheeky, well-intentioned, self-contained, is what Mr. G. F. Bradby gives us in **Dick** (3s. 6d.). This "story without a plot" is the (supposed) casual diary of a fairly hard-worked head-worker during his summer vacation at a farm in Norfolk. Circumstances pitch-fork upon this normal and very good sort of gentleman a normal and very good sort of Rugby boy for his holidays. The day-by-day life which follows is just exactly what might follow in ninety-and-nine cases out of a hundred, if all hosts were as entirely understanding as was Dick's host. The story is one of the brightest books of the season, amusing and natural, and incidentally it teaches some things about boys, which should be known. Fathers, mothers, and schoolmasters will be refreshed by it, all friends of boys will be encouraged by it, and all will enjoy it if they, too, are "the right sort."

MESSRS. BRIMLEY JOHNSON AND INCE.

The great number of the books on Rome never annoys us as sometimes does a great number of books on other subjects of the same nature. In the first place, this subject is so fascinating, in the second place, there are so many sides to Rome, so to speak, and in the third place, we are always eager for any new words said or aspects given us about Rome. Mr. Walter Field has written two handy volumes on the wonderful city, **Rome** (10s. 6d. net). One volume is "The Rome of the Ancients," the other volume is "The Rome of the Artists." The separation of the two would seem at the first thought to be well-nigh impossible, but Mr. Field has skilfully effected the grouping of his chapters on architecture, the story of the city, the actual life of the people of Rome; and, again, in the second volume, has given us the churches, the galleries, the sculpture, the painting. Both volumes are fully and appropriately illustrated, and will meet the needs of the traveller and the man in his library.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK.

Another volume on **Rome** (2s. 6d.) is by Mr. Eustace Reynolds-Ball. He calls it "A Practical Guide to Rome and its Environs," and it certainly is all that he claims it to be. It is the very book for the tourist who has but little time in which to see much. His preliminary information will come as a real

boon to visitors to Rome for the first time. He tells of hotels and *pensions*, of routes and rules, he advises as to itineraries, and has a genius for selecting intelligently what to omit seeing (if you have but little time), a good gift, which will be fully understood and valued when the tourist is on the spot putting it to the test. The information is wide and varied indeed. Here you can learn how to see the Forum, and where to get your umbrella mended, how to get your tooth stopped, and what to see in the Vatican; you learn the history of the Colosseum (Rome), and what wage to give your maidservant, and where to buy your fruit and mutton. A book to be heartily recommended to the tourist starting without previous knowledge. Coloured illustrations, in Messrs. Black's well-known style, and maps and plans complete this half-crown treasure.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

A new and very charming, not to say instructive, form of topographical book is that given us by Mr. Arthur L. Salmon—**Literary Rambles in the West of England** (6s. net), in which the author guides us to Cornwall with Borrow, to Teignmouth with Keats, to Dean Prior with Herrick, and so forth, giving us particularly interesting and salient details of men and neighbourhoods in his several chapters. It is a little feast of literary gossip by which we enjoy many half-known-before allusions, and acquire many a new fact. It is interesting to learn that Borrow was part Cornishman, that Herrick said such hard words of the Devon which gave him home for thirty years and influenced his lovely lyrics, that rumour says Keats loved a Devon girl even before he loved Fanny Brawne, and that it was to a Plymouth lady that Samuel Johnson made the answer, "Ignorance, madam—pure ignorance," when she asked him why, in his dictionary, he had defined "pastern" as the knee of a horse. West country readers, especially, will value and enjoy this captivating ramble in celebrated company.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Miss Florence Warden may always be relied upon to construct a story which not only holds the attention, but contains a realisable plot and some good characterisation. In **The Real Mrs. Daybrook** (6s.) she writes of a pretty, impulsive, modern girl, Nancy, who hastily consents to a secret marriage with a man who is very much in love with her, but who, before she sees him again, lies under a horrible suspicion of murder. Nancy's hard-heartedness and warm-heartedness, her charm and her obstinacy, her capriciousness and her staunchness, are most cleverly delineated by Miss Florence Warden. The feelings of Captain Daybrook's relatives, a circle whose god—or one of whose gods—is "caste," are amusingly recounted; their horror at the thought of receiving Nancy is very real—but so is Nancy; and the story leaves us with a feeling of relief that all ends well.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

We expect dignified poetry from Mr. Lawrence Binyon, and he gives it to us. And now, when he might quite easily have "played to the gallery," he has kept to his high standard in his new dramatic poem, **Paris and Œnone** (1s. net); he has written a poem not only adapted for acting, but undoubtedly best fitted for the actor and the speaking voice, and calculated to gain rather than lose dignity by the accessories of the stage. The lines are tender and yet forceful, and will enhance their author's reputation—one which has grown steadily and surely from his early days at Oxford till the appearance of this latest publication.

A series of small but arresting volumes is published by Messrs. Constable and Company. It presents in clear, condensed form explanations and descriptions of ancient and modern religions. Each volume is devoted to one religion, or one country's religions, and the four first volumes are now before us. The well-known names on the title-pages are guarantees of the careful work and special knowledge to be found within the covers. Professor Herbert A. Giles, LL.D., has written the volume on **Religions of Ancient China**, Mr. Edward Clodd that on **Animism**; and **Religion of Ancient Greece**, and **Pantheism**, are from the pens of Miss Jane Harrison and Mr. James Allanson Picton respectively.

MESSRS. ALSTON RIVERS, LTD.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis may not exactly give us Cornwall in her new book, **My Cornish Neighbours** (3s. 6d.), but she gives us some capital stories about Cornish men and women—Cornish men and women admirable and the reverse, with their traits, their sympathies, their independence, their shrewdnesses, their weaknesses, their force. We do not feel the glamour of the county altogether, but we feel that Mrs. Ellis has observed and sympathised with her "neighbours" patiently and very kindly, and her reproduction of dialect is good. As far as we know the Cornish, they do not say "speerit" for "spirit," and the fairies they know are "piskies," not "pixies," for instance; but undoubtedly we can hear them speaking through Mrs. Ellis's volume. It is a pleasant collection of stories, one which leaves the reader with the comfortable feeling that Mrs. Ellis liked her neighbours, and that they returned the feeling.

MESSRS. HARRAP AND CO.

Can the art of prose fiction be taught? Many of its best practitioners would doubtless deny this, and might adduce the fact that, with the exception of Poe and Stevenson, scarcely any story-teller of first rank has come by his art in this way. But whether it will help the novelist or not, there is much that the critic may learn from **The Study of a Novel**, by Professor S. L. Whitcomb (5s.). The author specifies a hundred and fifty varieties of fiction, ranging from the "novel of action" to the "yarn," and on each he has something to say in the matter of critical and historical comment. To our thinking, the fault of the book is its over-minuteness. Like many treatises on rhetoric, its classifications have no real counterpart in actual literature. But it is of distinct value as a contribution to a side of criticism that has not received much attention in this country, and as a veritable storehouse of critical references.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

Every lover of nature will find chapters to his taste in the delightful study, **Nature Knowledge in Modern Poetry**, by Alexander Mackie (2s. 6d. net). The authors Mr. Mackie has selected for review are Tennyson, Wordsworth, Arnold, and Lowell, "four poets, who, while they are all devotees of nature, show considerable difference in their presentation of scientific facts." The book is not an anthology alone, though it serves that function incidentally. It is a careful study of the poets mentioned as lovers of flowers and birds and insects, and Mr. Mackie interprets the quotations with an obvious knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, natural history, as well as a feeling for poetical quality. The book is the outcome of an undoubtedly happy thought, and will prove a welcome addition to the shelf of every nature-lover.

New Books of the Month.

February 10th to March 10th.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABRAHAMS, ISRAEL, M.A.—Festival Studies, 2s. 6d. (Macmillan)

An interesting collection of papers showing various sides, solemn and less solemn, of the Jewish religious life. The style of the sketches and descriptions is a happy combination of reverence and bright tenderness of writing. The Jewish year is thus portrayed by the pen of one who knows intimately the customs and hopes of the Jewish people.

Bible, The Century. The Psalms (lxxiii-cl.). Edited by Rev. T. Witton Davies, B.A. Vol. II. 2s. 6d. net (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

CLODD, EDWARD.—Animism, the Seed of Religion, 1s. net (Constable)

GILES, PROFESSOR HERBERT A., LL.D.—Religions of Ancient China, 1s. net ..... (Constable)

GWATKIN, HENRY MELVILLE, M.A.—The Eye for Spiritual Things, and Other Sermons, 4s. 6d. net (T. and T. Clark)

HARRISON, MISS JANE, LL.D.—Religion of Ancient Greece, 1s. net ..... (Constable)

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